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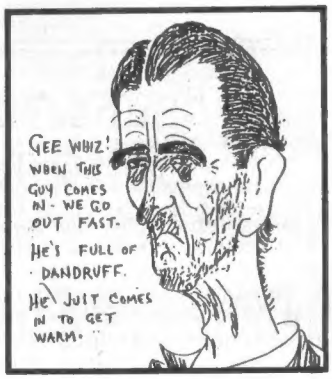

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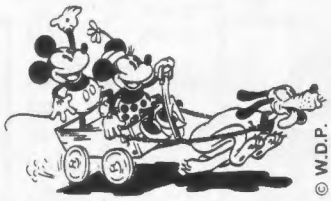

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More! BILL BLACKBEARD's new regular feature debuts with a review of *Mutt and Jeff*'s origin period, with fascinating reprints . . . SAM'S STRIP RETURNS! Beginning with this issue, NEMO will reprint classic examples of the strip fan's inside-joke favorite by Mort Walker and Jerry Dumas . . . PENMAN OF THE PAST Raymond Crawford Ewer, the American Heinrich Kley . . . ALLEN SAUNDERS recalls the Golden Age of story strips with *Apple Mary*, *Steve Roper*, and *Kerry Drake*; many illustrations!

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Editorial

Take a look at this issue's story on the Presidential election of a century ago; feast your eyes on the great drawings that are representative of editorial cartoons of the day. Consider too the theme of the article—that the election was very likely decided by the influence that political cartoons generated. This is not hyperbole.

I invite your consideration, further, of the implications of all this.

First, these cartoons are as accomplished as paintings; they were stone lithographs, with the artists applying ink and crayon on a separate stone for each color. They were crammed with figures and labels, and are masterpieces of design, composition and detail. Anatomy is perfect and shading is meticulous. This speaks of more than a mere change in drawing styles over a century. It goes to craftsmanship and dedication. On *Puck* Keppler would sometimes draw all three color cartoons and some of the interior pen-and-ink work too.

As always, I am struck by last century's superior reproduction values; the cartoons were printed sharply, in brilliant colors, in register, on better paper than any newspaper or magazine uses today. We can bemoan all the economic pressures that have forced the declines, but cannot escape the deplorable truth that Progress is a fickle mistress.

Second, where has all the fun gone in political cartoons? Oh, sure, Nixon provided a great target for brilliant barbs, but he was a mere heaven-sent exception to politics' norm (for cartoonists anyway), just as Blaine was. Likewise, cartoonists didn't create Theodore Roosevelt. Personalities, both exalted and despicable, come and go; but the political cartoonist must, I maintain, dip his pen in equal parts of enthusiasm and righteous indignation *all* the time.

It can be said that the political cartoon today has become an illustrated Mark Russell monologue—which may be all very well and good, and very trendy, for 1980s consumption; but it denies the graphic element that is both traditional and necessary in political cartooning.

I believe the artform—and partisanship or advocacy—is better served when *all* the potential tools are employed. We don't have to return to the awkward days of labels adorning every cartoon; some of Keppler's most brilliant cartoons (and effective ones by McCutcheon, Art Young, and FitzPatrick, to name a few) were clean and streamlined.

Too many 1980s cartoons of talking White Houses lead me to wonder whether political cartooning has been transformed from commentary to wisecracking; whether molding public opinion has given way to imitating public gossip or scolding.

Third, have we lost some of the *power* in political cartooning? The article in this issue by no means implies that *every* election in days gone by was decided by cartoons, but the cartoonist undeniably once wielded greater influence. For a generation, every campaign had its symbol that defined the issues and sharpened perceptions: the Full Dinner Pail, the Big Stick, the mortar board, the Teapot, the cigarette holder; these were not created by cartoonists weakly relying on cheap symbols, but by advocates and opponents seizing the language and syntax of their artform. It has been a long time since cartoonists have seriously influenced an election, whether in reasoned support or savage exposure.

Fourth, consider *Puck* magazine itself. And *Judge* and *Life* and the *Wasp* and the *Bee* and *Truth* and the others. (By the way, for a full history of these magazines, see the *Comics Journal* #57, #58, #60, #62, and #63 for my history of their publication). What a void we have in American cartooning for there being no counterparts today. Indeed it is a void in our national political system as a whole.

It's always been a dream of mine to be connected with the establishment of such a journal in our day. The old magazines faded from the scene for a myriad of reasons, but is is curious that none exists to take their place. Everything is in place to set the stage: Clowns and crooks still seek office; our fates are still bound to their actions; the American public still seems disposed to laugh and enjoy seeing pomposity exploded . . .

Looking at those glorious cartoons of 1884 reminds us how many things have not changed. But looking at the artwork, at the forceful presentations, at their influence, and at the exposure they got—the respect they commanded—makes us also realize how many things *have* changed.

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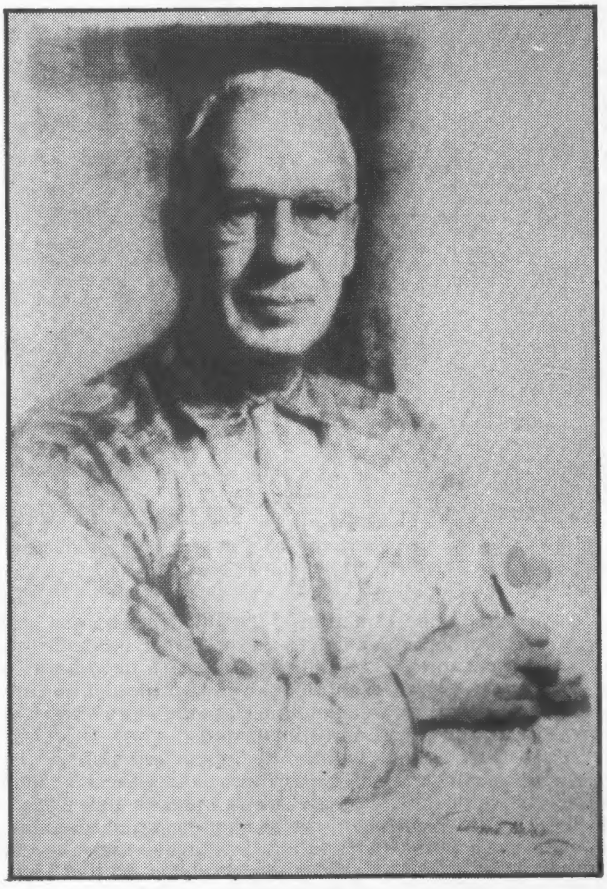
A Candid, Unpublished Interview

The Master, HAL FOSTER



On Comics And Illustrating, Raymond And Hogarth, History And Fandom

Hal Foster, who died in 1979, rarely granted interviews. He was naturally reserved and quite modest—and also was left with little free time after extensively researching and meticulously drawing *Prince Valiant*. But in 1969 he did agree to be interviewed by Fred Schreiber from France. Schreiber, newly named American representative of SOCERLID, the French comics appreciation society and Ph.D candidate at Harvard, came armed with a life-long love of American comics and a fine critical appreciation. But circumstances conspired to keep the interview from being transcribed until now, and Schreiber, who now is proprietor of one of New York's most prestigious rare book showrooms, has consented to let *NEMO* publish the interview. In it, Foster is remarkably candid about his work, his fellow artists, and his self-estimation. So here, 15 years after the words were shared, is Hal Foster, one of comics' singular talents. *-REM*

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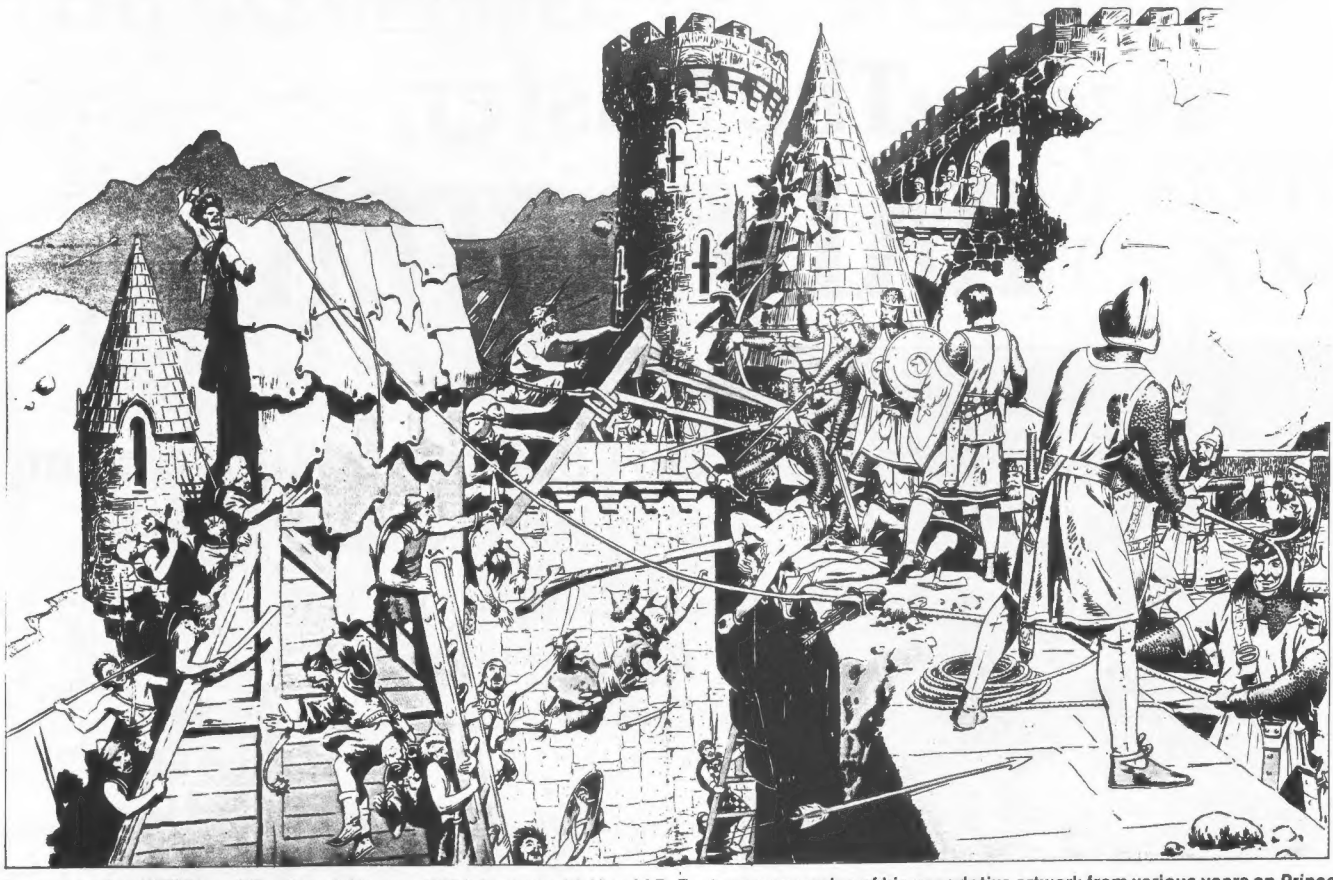
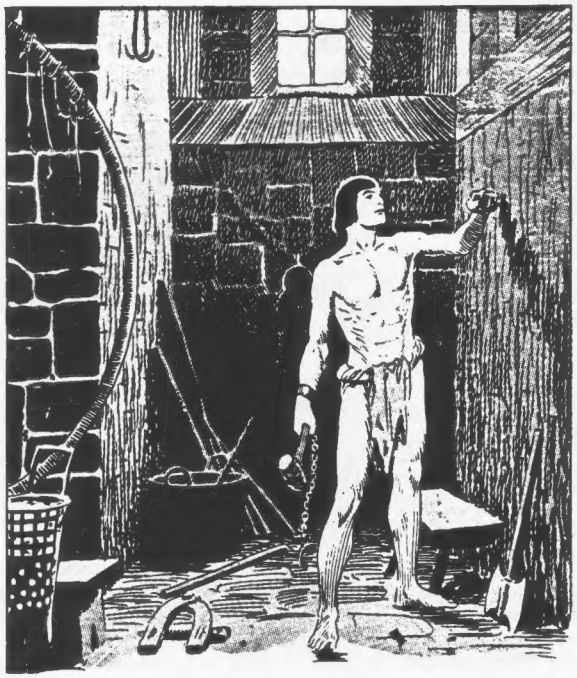


Accompanying NEMO's publication of this rare 1969 interview with Harold R. Foster are examples of his superlative artwork from various years on *Prince Valiant*, book illustrations, and promotional drawings. They reflect his affinity with great illustrators/storytellers like Howard Pyle.

SCHREIBER: *Do you consider yourself primarily a cartoonist or an illustrator? And where do you draw the distinction?*
FOSTER: There's no distinction. One runs into the other. Of course, I can't "cartoon"; I am an illustrator. But where the cartoonist ends and the illustrator begins is pretty hard to say; it all hinges on the writing, on the story. In my estimation the story is the most important thing. The illustrations are just meant to give another dimension to a story, which has to be cut down into little captions; the illustrations are necessary to carry the story on from the captions. But of course, it doesn't make any difference how well you illustrate the story—you can get away with a good story poorly illustrated, but not vice versa.

SCHREIBER: *What is your opinion of the current state of the comic strip? How would you compare it to that of the old days?*
FOSTER: It is not as individual. Before, in the early times, each cartoonist had his own individual ideas and carried them out *alone;* one man did the whole thing. But now so many facets have come in to it that you need assistants to do the backgrounds and other things. Sometimes the work is divided between writer and illustrator. But as you take it down to each degree, it loses some of its personality, so that no matter how beautiful the drawings, no matter how good the story, somehow there seems to be something lacking that was present in the old comics. Of course, these were crude—but somehow thay had more personality than they do today.
SCHREIBER: *What are your favorite contemporary comics?*
FOSTER: As I draw a serious adventure strip, of course I like the *comic* comics: *Beetle Bailey,* things like that. I wish I was a humorist; being a cartoonist, I want to be a writer.
SCHREIBER: *Did you ever enjoy another adventure strip, such as Alex Raymond's* Flash Gordon, *for example?*
FOSTER: Oh yes; Alex was a great influence! He was such a wonderful delineator of character; I admired his work very much. It had a great truth to it, and his lines were so accurate and delicate. I appreciate that now more than I ever did, because at my age my hand is a little bit shaky; I can't draw the fine, accurate lines that Alex could. Any time I look at his work to refresh my memory of certain things that he achieved, well, I just get an inferiority complex.
SCHREIBER: *What other artists have influenced you?*



FOSTER: I copy the work of anybody who solves a problem that has bothered me. I search it out, find out how he has accomplished it. I was in commercial art when I first started out—catalogue work—then in advertising, and finally book illustration. In those days I admired Leyendecker, Abbey, Howard Pyle, Arthur Rackham—all the great ones. I started out without any formal training, so I had to learn from others, to see what they did: it was like getting cloth samples, then, when I finally did get some art education, I could bring it all together. Formal education was like stitching the cloth samples on to a blanket.

SCHREIBER: *You spoke before of assistants. Do you get any assistance on* Prince Valiant?

FOSTER: Wayne Boring does the backgrounds and Hugh Donell, a local painter, does the color work . . . it needs a good color man.

SCHREIBER: *Could you tell us about how many hours you spend each week on a* Prince Valiant *page?*

FOSTER: That's rather easy: 53 hours a week. Sometimes it used to be more—I used to do everything but the lettering. But my youthful enthusiasm has tapered off in the last seven years, so that I find that I have slowed up quite a bit: I don't know if I'm more meticulous or if it just takes longer—but 53 hours a week.

SCHREIBER: *I notice that on the page on which you are now working only the last panel has been inked. Is that usual?*

FOSTER: I start pencilling the first panel to the last, then when I ink I go backwards, starting at the last panel. If I started inking at the top all the bottom panels would be erased. Besides, you

can better spot your mistakes when you go backwards.

SCHREIBER: *In his book* Comic Art in America *Stephen Becker said, "There have been single panels in* Prince Valiant *which must have taken longer to draw then entire Sunday pages of other comics." This is evident to anyone who has given more than a passing glance at your work. How much research do you do for castles, for example? Do you draw from photographs or do you actually go to Europe to sketch them?*

FOSTER: All those books here in the studio are books that I picked up in Europe. All have to do with the old castles, the places, the terrains. Any book that comes out which refers to 5th-century Britain I always get. This cupboard here is full of color photographs I have taken. Whenever I want any background for any country, I find it here: I never *copy* anything. Most of the castles in *Prince Valiant* are not authentic in that they are *Norman* castles; when King Arthur lived there were mostly remnants of *Roman* fortresses that had been set up during the Roman occupation; castles were subsequently built during the Norman conquest. The picture we have of the days of King Arthur is given by the Norman story-writers; it is they who fostered this legend. So you must dress the characters almost like Norman knights rather than Roman centurions—they are dressed in the way that *I* think they should be dressed. I have to bring the costumes and the castles up by two or three centuries.

SCHREIBER: *When you go to Europe do you sketch landscapes?*

FOSTER: No, I sketch "characters": Every country has a different character, every tree has a different character. When you go to Rome you see the flat-top pines, the long, thin cedars, the rocky hills—you just *know* this has to be Rome. The terrains,

the *type* of mountains, of trees, things like that tell you what kind of country it is.

SCHREIBER: *Do you use live models for your characters?*

FOSTER: No live models. I use occasional photographs; but after 30 years of this I know pretty much what a human being looks like.

SCHREIBER: *What is your fan-mail most concerned with?*

FOSTER: I would say that every third letter is questions, and the other two letters are requests for drawings. When you get 10 or 12 such requests every week, why, you haven't got anything left!

SCHREIBER: *But since* Prince Valiant *is a strip based on historical research, does anyone ever write to you to point out errors?*

FOSTER: Yes. The biggest error I have ever made—and I had only one person comment on it—was when I had Prince Valiant join the Huns at Tunis, just at the time when they went to sack Rome. Val and Aleta were just about to be married by the Pope—so they thought—and I had them round up at the Tigris and march up to Rome. Only one fellow caught it: He said "that was a pretty long march, wasn't it?" 'Tigris' and 'Tiber' sound so much alike! In sporting things you must be very careful: *Everybody* is an expert sportsman. One time I had Prince Valiant raising his bow and I put the arrow on the wrong side of the bow. I had *every* archery fiend in the U.S. and Canada send me letters and photographs!

SCHREIBER: *How did you like the movie version of* Prince Valiant?

FOSTER: It was a magnificent film—the scenery, the castles, everything was beautiful. They used all my research; Sir Gawain had the right emblem on his shield, everything was right. But somehow, the story was a little bit childish . . . it was Hollywood.

SCHREIBER: *Did you approve of the choice of Robert Wagner for the leading role?*

FOSTER: I thought Wagner was a little bit immature—his *face* was immature, he ran around with his mouth open. But all in all I got a kick out of it; it was quite an experience. (In certain ways) I had nothing to do with it: First they sent me the script and asked me to improve it by making suggestions. So I made suggestions, but they must have lost my letter. Then they paid me a fabulous salary to come out there; but I knew that I had no

say, and that I'd just be heart-broken, because nothing I would say or do would change the Hollywood pattern.

SCHREIBER: *Outside of comics and illustration what have been your artistic activities?*

FOSTER: I've done a lot of painting. During the Depression I exhibited some of my paintings. I have won a few awards; I would say that I was a good second rater. I don't think I had the potentiality to become a first rater, because I was too academic, too tight. But during the starvation period of the Depression somebody asked me to take on the *Tarzan* Sunday page. I was a little bit offended to be asked to sell my birthright for a mess of pottage. But I thought, "Wouldn't it be nice if I had a little bit of pottage right now?" So I thought about it, and I took on *Tarzan*. But I didn't take it seriously; I didn't think that the comics were very important . . . I didn't think it was a very good medium.

SCHREIBER: *This shows in your very early pages, which are somewhat crudely executed. However, around 1934 your style improved greatly—you put much more detail in your drawings. You seemed to have taken it seriously then. How do you account for this improvement?*

FOSTER: The fan-mail started to come in! You'd be surprised what a complimentary letter can do for your ego and for your style.

SCHREIBER: *Was the graphic conception of Tarzan your own, or were you perhaps influenced by J. Allen St. John's illustrations of the Burroughs books?*

FOSTER: My own. I didn't know Allen St. John when I first started *Tarzan*. It was only a few years later that I came to know his work.

SCHREIBER: *You retired from* Tarzan *out of your own free will and without regret?*

FOSTER: That's right. It's the difference between creating your own work and working for somebody else. You can see some-

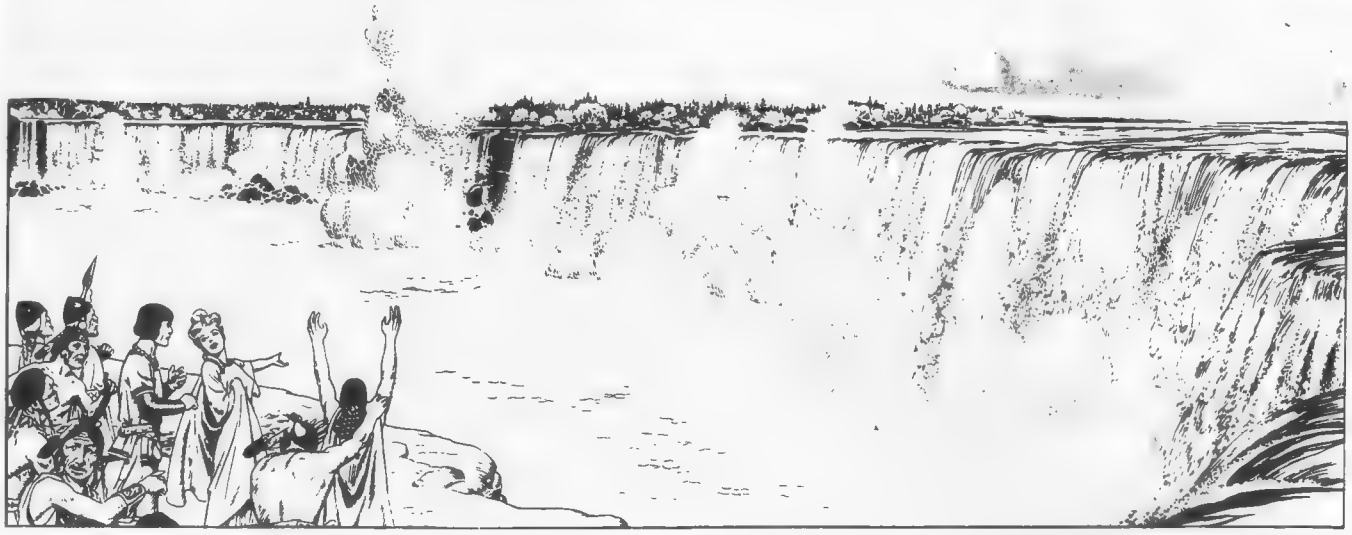
body else's faults much quicker than you can see your own; and I could see all the faults in the writing of *Tarzan*. I like to do things actual and authentic. The fellow who wrote that script—I don't know who he was—had never been to Africa, never even read about it. He didn't know the animals or the trees—or anything. So I was a little bit disgruntled. I used to redo quite a lot of what they allowed me. When you place Tarzan, a lion, an elephant, and a crocodile all in the same square mile of Africa, it's overdoing it a bit—especially when you also show a 500-lb. gorilla swinging from tree-top to tree-top! So I thought if I did my own story I'd be much happier. The idea of *Prince Valiant* came to me then.

SCHREIBER: *Why did you offer* Prince Valiant *to King Features rather than to United Features, your employer at the time?*

FOSTER: I offered it to United Features first. I felt a certain loyalty to them . . . why? I don't know. I had made a success out of *Tarzan* and I wanted enough money, what I felt it was worth. They gave me the run-around—it was quite a run-around, too. They decided it didn't make any difference *who* did *Tarzan*: The *name* would carry it. Of course, the name *does* carry it. No matter how it's done, everybody is interested in "Tarzan." It's a wonderful name, it's a catchy name. So all of that time I was getting a little bit tired of working on something I didn't have my heart in. Then the General Manager of KFS came up saying: "We want you, we want you at King Features."

I said, "Well, I'm with UFS." So he said, "Maybe we can offer you something better"; I said "Well, I have an idea in mind that I'm working on." "Can we see it?" "I'll talk to UFS first and see what they have to say about it." "All right, but give us *second* chance on it." So I met the head of UFS and we had a talk. I mentioned that I had this idea for a Sunday page only. He turned it down saying, "You have to draw a daily first, and then if it goes over you can draw a Sunday page." That was a brush-off.

Two years later a telegram comes from KFS: "Have you anything to submit to KFS yet?" I wrote back by slow mail that I didn't have anything yet. A couple of weeks go by: another telegram, then a phone call; I wasn't used to being hurried. But I had this thing in mind, and as we were having a pretty good time in Chicago I couldn't get anything started there. So Mrs. Foster and I moved to Topeka, Kansas, where it was quiet—at least where we *thought* it was quiet. There I got *Tarzan* several months ahead by working quickly, and I got about nine pages of *Prince Valiant* finished. I then had colored photostats made of them so I could submit them. KFS sent Brad Kelley out to take a look at my work. Brad said he liked it, and a couple of days



later the contract came—better than I expected. Working for UFS, I didn't expect too much, but they (King) gave me a good contract and always treated me fair.

SCHREIBER: *What was your opinion of the work of your successor on* Tarzan, *Burne Hogarth?*

FOSTER: I remember after leaving *Tarzan* I was very anxious to see the next page after my last one was published. I couldn't tell Hogarth's work from my own.

SCHREIBER: *But you will admit that Hogarth did eventually develop a very distinctive style?*

FOSTER: I saw a few faults. His figures didn't balance; they were all stretched out in violent motion. I didn't like that. I like to draw a squatty, relaxed figure before or after a violent action. *All* violent action looks like a salad with nothing on it but vinegar—you have to have different ingredients.

SCHREIBER: *To what degree did* Tarzan *influence* Prince Valiant—*or to what extent was* Prince Valiant *a reaction against* Tarzan?

FOSTER: The only influence was, I guess, an effort to be a little more actual rather than all magical . . . come to think of it, no, that wasn't it, because when I started *Prince Valiant* I put him back in the days of King Arthur when they believed in ogres, giants, dragons, things of that sort. I thought I could bring a lot of this mystical stuff in, and it was really supposed to be a fantasy rather than actuality. As I got into it, I had to learn all about the arms, armors, harness, castles, etc. *Prince Valiant* got more and more authentic.

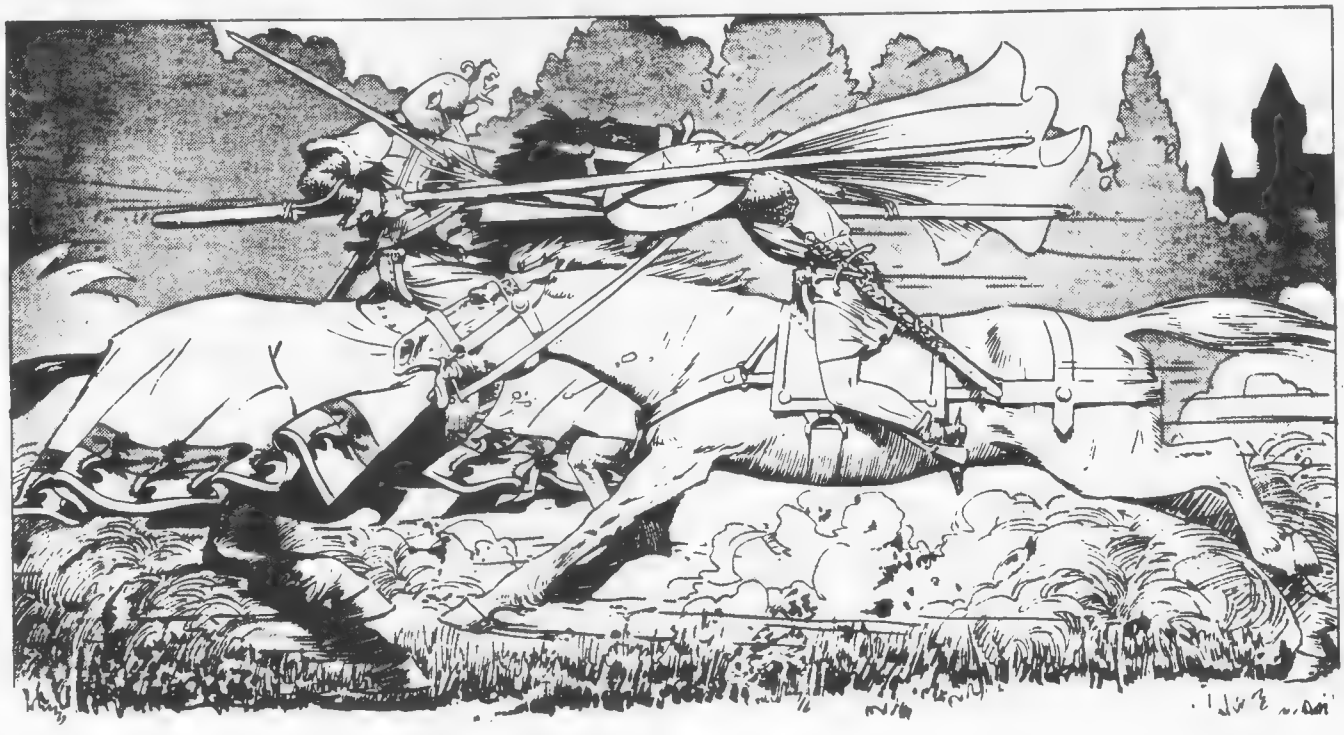
SCHREIBER: *What made you get away from this fantastic element in* Prince Valiant, *from such mystical characters as Merlin? I still remember vividly a fantastic sequence around 1939 in which you depicted Val struggling with Father Time himself. Was the change towards realism a conscious one on your part?*
FOSTER: No, it just came about. Prince Valiant became more and more an actual character to me; I began to visualize him, I could almost *feel* him standing at my shoulder when I wrote a story that was out of line; why, he would just shake his head there!

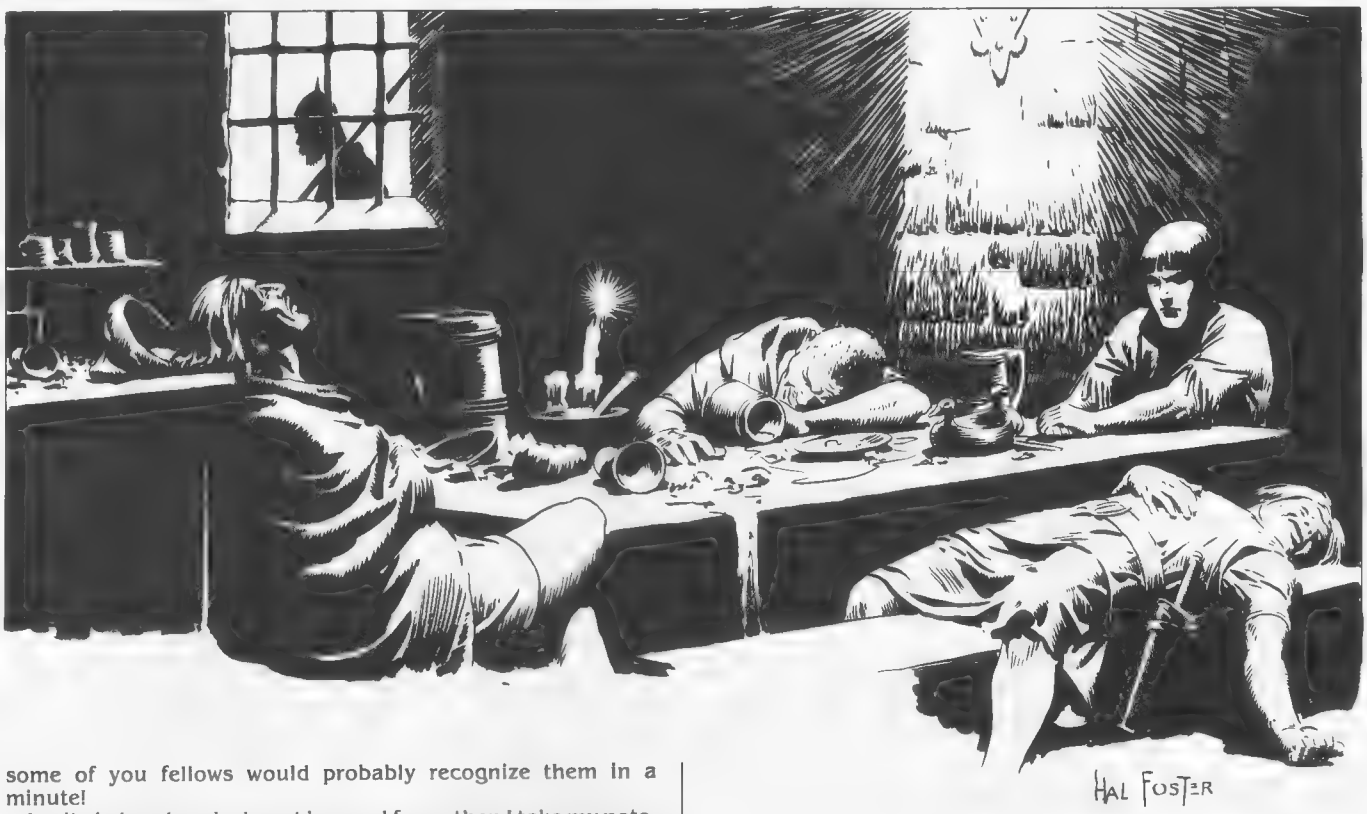
SCHREIBER: Prince Valiant *started out on a very tragic tone: exile, death to Val's mother, sinister swamps, old Horrit's prophesy that Val would never find happiness, the tragedy of Ilene, the fall of Andelkrag. Later, this tragic tone gradually changed—Horrit's prophecy was completely forgotten. In fact, Val seems to have done quite well for himself. Was this a conscious change on your part, or simply normal evolution?*
FOSTER: This was normal evolution. But you also have to have contrast. Val can't lead life with one success after another, or one defeat after another. You noticed that Merlin cured him of his tragic prophecy. He wants contentment. Contentment in turn has to be contrasted with discontent.
SCHREIBER: *Readers notice at once that Prince Valiant is no Superman nor a Galahad. What is your conception of the Hero?*
FOSTER: He has to lead a normal life. For instance, Val met Aleta—he had to have a sweetheart—and romance had to come into it, because he was a young man of 17 or 18. The natural thing after that was marriage; and when you get married, you have children. So it was just a natural sequence. He does what we should do. Yes, he is brave and strong—he has every virtue that I missed. All I have to do is think of my failings and correct them in Prince Valiant.

SCHREIBER: *Why did you decide at the time that the field was ripe for a medieval epic as the subject of a comic strip?*
FOSTER: I just thought I had a good story, one which I knew I could illustrate. With my experience as a commercial artist, illustrator, and painter, I knew I could hold that end up. I always had been interested in history and it sort of came naturally. I got most of the characters in before I had really done any research. But they all came out the way they should.
SCHREIBER: *Many of the characters in* Prince Valiant *disappear for a while and then reappear in the story many years later. How do you keep track of the great number of characters in* Prince Valiant*—do you keep a sort of file, or is all this in your mind?*
FOSTER: In my head. All the characters are rather personal to me: I see them more as *living* people rather than just blocks in a puzzle.
SCHREIBER: *Many of your old fans recall nostalgically the episode of the struggle against the Huns, and wonder if they will ever meet again the artful Slith and the beautiful Hulta.*
FOSTER: In order for characters to reappear in the strip, Prince Valiant must have a justifiable reason to go back where he left them; and I foresee no such reason in the near future for Slith and Hulta. But Geoffrey, the boy with one leg, will come back, because he is historian at the court of Thule.
SCHREIBER: *Have you always written the script of* Prince Valiant *yourself?*
FOSTER: Yes; the stories get more and more difficult to write all

the time. Sometimes I read back old proofs and I find myself admiring some of my own stories—I think they are splendid! "Did *I* really do that?"

But I can't steal them, because Prince Valiant has grown older, and Prince Arn is old enough now to have romances with the girls; so I can't use any of my old stories. Besides, if I did,





some of you fellows would probably recognize them in a minute!

I write in longhand, almost in novel form; then I take my notebook and sketch the panels, little thumbnail sketches; then I figure out the captions under each. Captions have to be short—you can describe almost anything by using beautiful, eloquent expressions, but can't do that in the comics. You have to make the captions just as concise as possible; otherwise people won't read them. If I have a chance I write two or three pages a week. Sometimes a whole sequence will come to me quickly, and it will just develop. Then I do six or seven pages a week.

SCHREIBER: *When you retire, do you plan to put a formal ending on* Prince Valiant, *or do you plan to have it carried on by somebody else?*

FOSTER: That I don't know, because you don't know when that point comes. I thought of having Prince Valiant become King of Thule and then let Prince Arn get out and get punch drunk!

SCHREIBER: *Stephen Becker, whom I quoted earlier, also said of you: "All in all,* Prince Valiant *is a tour de force. Day after day, week after week, Harold Foster has created living characters who reflect their epoch faithfully. He has drawn those characters and their world with great fidelity, spending more hours at the drawing board than any one else in the profession. He has told their story in excellent English, with a high sense of drama and an abhorrence of the cliche. His taste has never faltered.* Prince Valiant *is a superb example of comic strip art at its best: beautiful to look at, exciting to read and educational in its ultimate effect."*

FOSTER: Becker failed to mention one thing: LUCK! Yes, I had a liking for drawing (but) the rest was all pure luck. I had no education, for instance. I had to go to work as soon as my dad went bankrupt, which he did in quite a hurry. In those days, when were just scraping the bottom of the barrel, my chief occupation was reading. I also had a fishing rod. We were up in Winnipeg at that time and meat was scarce.

Then I learned to sketch; I was very fond of drawing. I put my easel up in the attic, and, since I couldn't afford any models, I'd strip off and start to draw. When it gets down to 20 or 30 below zero in Winnipeg you have to sketch pretty quick—so I learned to sketch quick!

Yes, I work 53 hours—even 65 hours a week, when I first started out—but then I am doing work that I created myself, my own creations; so it's really not *work*, it's really what I *want* to do. I don't consider myself as good as people tell me I am. I appreciate the flattery and the affection that I get. For instance, when I go to New York and meet a bunch of cartoonists, they treat me much better than my golfing and hunting companions do.

But I sit out here all day, and I look out the window, and everything is so normal and natural. I suppose that if I mixed with the boys—with the cartoonists—more, I would feel probably that I have done pretty good! ■

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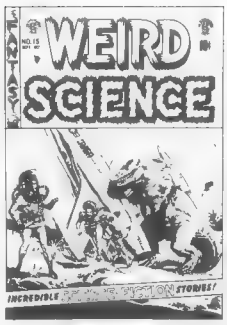
WEIRD SCIENCE



The complete 22-issue run of **WEIRD SCIENCE** features the artwork of Wally Wood, Joe Orlando, Al Williamson (some with Frazetta), editor/scripter Al Feldstein. Some of the stories are **EC** adaptations of work by Ray Bradbury. When **WEIRD SCIENCE** was cancelled, **EC** continued publishing science fiction in the comic **WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY** (later titled **INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION**).
Four volumes in slipcase, ppd: $85.
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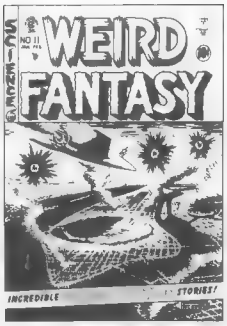

WEIRD FANTASY

Companion set to the **COMPLETE WEIRD SCIENCE**, this Feldstein-edited title also ran 22 issues and features the same line-up of artists (and adds Severin and Elder) and Bradbury adaptations. It was also discontinued by **EC** and once again the thread was picked up in the title **WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY.**
Four volumes in slipcase, ppd: $85.
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WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY

EC's final sf title, it featured work by the cream of **EC**'s artists of the fantastic, including Wally Wood, Al Williamson, Joe Orlando, and adding Bernie Krigstein and Jack Davis. It's first issue was numbered 23, which continues the numbering from the two cancelled comics **WEIRD SCIENCE** and **WEIRD FANTASY** (both of which expired with #22). This comic was renamed **INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION** with #30. The final issue was #33, ending an eleven issue run.
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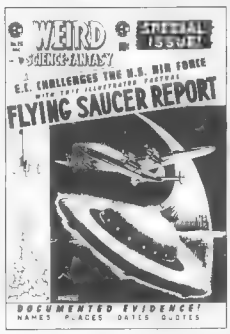

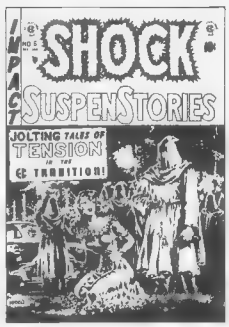

SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES

These eighteen comics contain stories which range from the twist-ending short story to *film noir*-like thrillers to socially relevant pieces which are, in the words of critic Bhob Stewart, a "head-on collision with the real issues of American life." Among the artists represented here are Wally Wood, Joe Orlando, Jack Davis, George Evans and Reed Crandall.
Three volumes in slipcase, ppd: $70.
(SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $60.)

CRYPT

One of three horror titles published by **EC** (another one, **VAULT OF HORROR**, is now available in this series, see right. The third, **HAUNT OF FEAR**, is yet to be published), this Feldstein-edited comic featured artwork by many **EC** favorites including Feldstein, Jack Davis, "Ghastly" Graham Ingels, Johnny Craig and (in later issues) Bernie Krigstein. Originally titled **CRYPT OF TERROR**, it was renamed **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**, and ran 30 issues.
Five volumes in slipcase, ppd $100.
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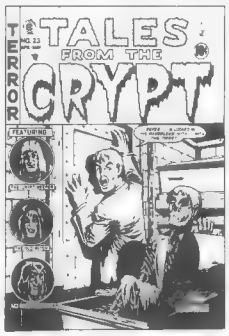

THE VAULT OF HORROR

Another in the trio of **EC**'s horror titles, the 29-issue run of **VAULT** was edited by Johnny Craig, who not only did practically every "Vault Keeper" story but *all* the covers! Once again, **EC**'s staple horror artists appear here, including Al Feldstein, Jack Davis, Graham Ingels and eventually Bernie Krigstein.
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PANIC

12 issues, the companion title to MAD. Edited by Feldstein (the editor of MAD magazine since 1956) and featuring many of the MAD comic crew. Humor in a varicose vein!
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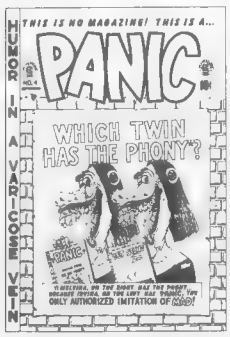

FRONTLINE

This Kurtzman-edited comic features work by him and other action-oriented comic **EC** artists; Jack Davis, John Severin (or the Severin-Bill Elder team) and Wally Wood. Sprinkled throughout are Kurtzman's special Civil War stories, like all his **EC** war work historical accuracy is a hallmark.
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(SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $60.)

CRIME SUSPENSTORIES

The 27 issues comprise five volumes, packaged in a deluxe slipcase with all the quality you have come to expect! The emphasis is pulpy-crime drama of the James M. Cain type, with the Feldstein flavor and the distinctive **EC** slant. Artists included in this collection are primarily Craig, Ingels, Davis, Wood, Kamen, Evans, and Krigstein.
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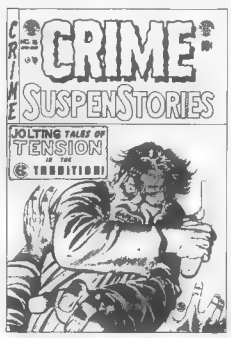

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NIBSY THE NEWSBOY

As we have noted previously in this series (which began in **NEMO** #5), comics' first decade was populated with strips whose thematic preoccupation was fantasy. The foremost among them, of course, was *Little Nemo*, but McCay's classic was by no means the only quality entry in the field—or even the first.

Little Nemo was, however, a touchstone, and a feature that many other artists copied . . . or, to be kinder, paid homage to. *The Explorigator* was in this class, and others of similar structure were *The Bad Dream That Made Bill a Better Boy* and *Wee Willie Winkie's World* by Lyonel Feininger. Another was *Nibsy the Newsboy in Funny Fairyland*.

The artist was George McManus, just at the beginning of his outstanding career in the comics. He had joined the *New York World* in the last month of 1903 and begun to make a name for himself with several clever features: *The Ready Money Ladies, Panhandle Pete, The Newlyweds*, and *Snoozer*. (By the way, when McManus left the *World*, it was to fill the vacancy created by the young George Herriman's departure for the boilerplate syndicates' Sunday supplements.)

It was evident that McManus, who was not yet 30 when he joined the *World*, was a talent to notice. Not only was his cartoon work attracting attention, but his crude pen lines were, before readers' eyes week after week, maturing into an attractive, distinctive style. His field of vision was wide: *Panhandle Pete* was in the league of *Happy Hooligan*, but McManus could switch easily from tramps to domestic comedy. *The Newlyweds* was not only the comics' first genteel, suburban success (after the artform's baptism in mayhem and slapstick), but was also the first widely popular daily comic strip. A reprint book of dailies appeared before *A. Mutt* ever appeared in San Francisco!

Another departure was *Nibsy the Newsboy*, which ran from May 20 to July 22, 1906. It seems self-evident that it was inspired by *Little Nemo*, across town in the *New York Herald*, and created as competition. (Ironically, in six years, both artists would be working for Hearst.) But McManus added many touches of fancy and whimsy that a pedestrian artist might not have dreamt of. One curious feature of the strip is that it did not run week after week, even though there was a loose continuity; other strips by other artists would take its place, or McManus himself would alternate with *Panhandle Pete* for a week. Perhaps the answer is that each *Nibsy* page took longer than a week to complete.

SAVE TEN FOR ME!
PAPER, BOY!
HÄH'S YER FUNNY SIDE! ALL ABOUT ME IN FUNNY FAIRYLAND!
GREAT STUFF!
HERE, BUB! FIVE COPIES FER ME!
GIMME TWO COPIES!
NIBSY THE NEWSBOY
GEO. McMANUS

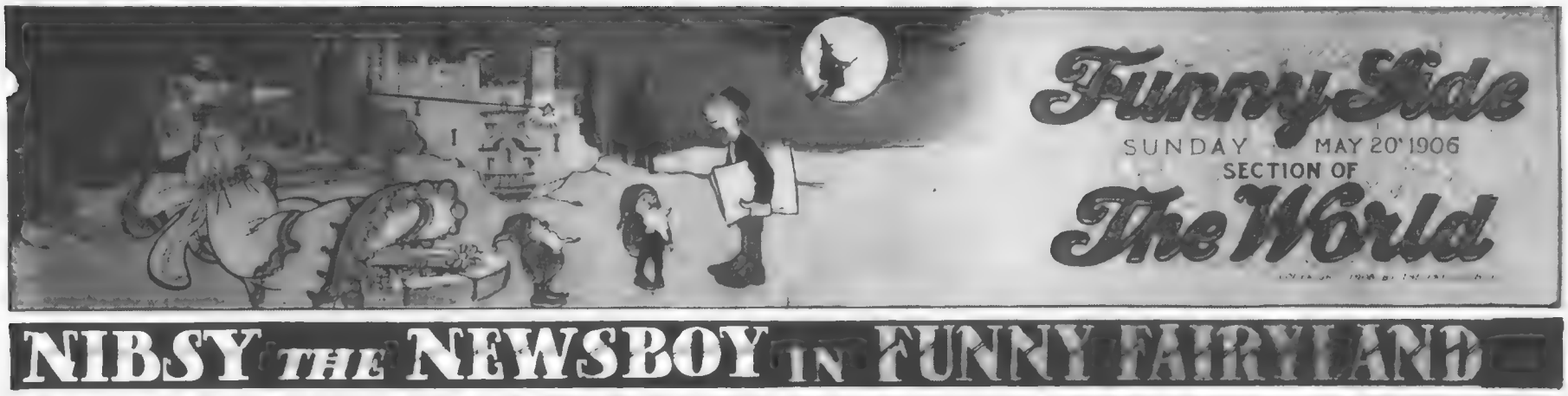
In any event, the pages show a fine touch of the dedicated craftsman's hand. Details abound, and invention (again obviously traceable to McCay, even to images like the visual distortions, June 3, and the Ogre, June 10) is freewheeling.

Two notes about the art are also worth considering: These pages, like those of many *New York World* strips of the era, betray considerable attention on the part of the engravers; in many panels background detail is reproduced in blue rather than black, lending an ethereal illusion of depth to the artwork. Also, McManus seems most interested in McCay's decorative talents—if we can compare *Nibsy* to his other contemporaneous work. The art deco touches, the decoration and attention to design, the utilization of motifs, were all to become trademarks of McManus's later, famed and admired work on *Bringing Up Father*.

What we may be seeing in this delightful fantasy classic, *Nibsy the Newsboy in Funny Fairyland*, is the very genesis of that spectacular McManus style that marked him as a giant in comics history. —*Rick Marschall*

fantasy in the comics

All cartoons from the collection of Rick Marschall

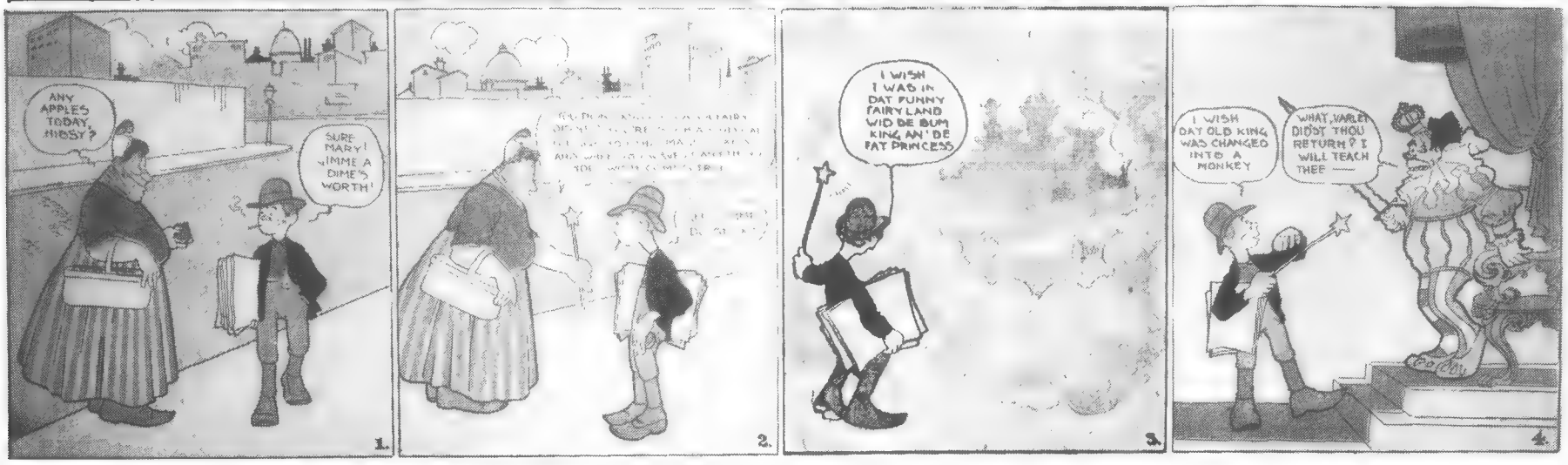


NIBSY THE NEWSBOY IN FUNNY FAIRYLAND

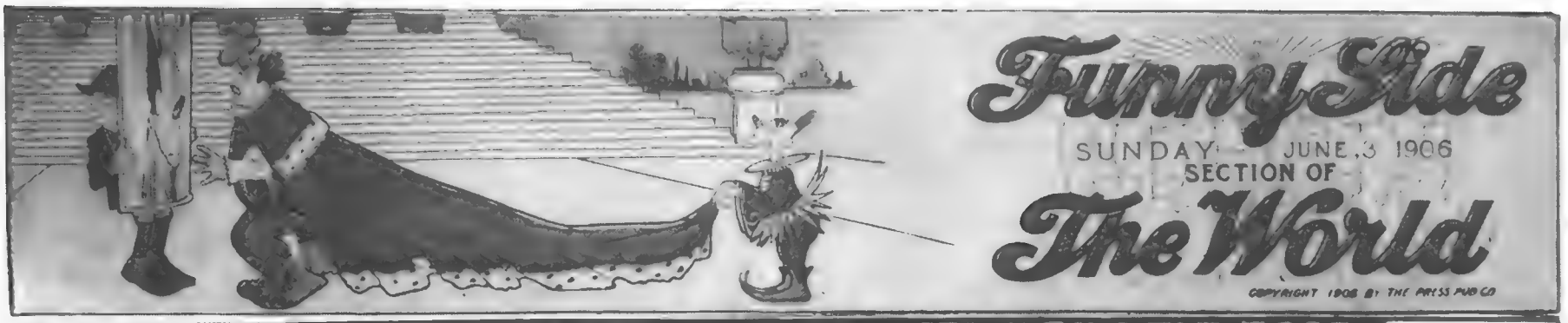
HIST! I AM A REAL FAIRY!
HULLY GEE! WHERE DE SHOW?
1.
CUT OUT! DIS TOWNS GOOD ENOUGH FER ME!
I WILL TRANSPORT THEE TO THE FAIRY REALMS!
2.
GIVE ME THE PAPER SIR KNIGHT I WILL ESCORT THEE TO THE PRINCESS WHOM THOU ART TO WED
HI, KING! WANT DE FUNNY SIDE?
3.

GIVE ME A COPY OF THY PAPER
THE PRINCESS
HO HO IT IS A MERRY JEST
4.
TE-HE! TE-HE! THESE PICTURES
IT'S ALL TO DE MERRY
HEED THY MAJESTY WILL LAUGH HIMSELF TO DEATH VER THE DOINGS OF
HA-HA! TIS GOOD STUFF THE JESTER THAT FUNNY
3.
SKIDOO AN 16 DOUBLE QUICK PER NINE!
2.
HAH'S YER FUNNY SIDE.
GIMME ONE!
SAVE TEN FOR ME!
PAPER, BOY!
HAH'S YER FUNNY SIDE! ALL ABOUT ME IN FUNNY FAIRYLAND!
GREAT STUFF!
HERE BUB FIVE COPIES PER ME!
GIMME TWO COPIES
8.

NIBSY, THE NEWSBOY, IN FUNNY FAIRYLAND


ANY APPLES TODAY, NIBSY?
SURE MARY! GIMME A DIME'S WORTH!
1.
2.
I WISH I WAS IN DAT FUNNY FAIRYLAND WID DE BUM KING AN' DE FAT PRINCESS
3.
I WISH DAT OLD KING WAS CHANGED INTO A MONKEY
WHAT, VARLET DIDST THOU RETURN? I WILL TEACH THEE
4.

I WISH DIS FAT PRINCESS WAS TURNED INTO ME OWN GAL, MOLLY MCGIRK!
HER ROYAL BIGNESS, THE PRINCESS!
5
THE WAITERS ARE ON THE WAY!
I ORDERED YE ALL DE ICE-CREAM SANDWICHES, CHEWING GUM, FRANKFURTERS AN' TAFFY STICKS DERE WAS IN DE WHOLE JOINT: AN' IF DERE'S ANYTHING I FERGOT MOLLY, SAY DE WORD!
I TINK YER A PERFECT GENT!
AH! THE MAGIC WAND!
6.
MAY THIS MAGIC WAND RESTORE ME TO MY KINGDOM!
GUM.
TAFFY STICKS
ICE CREAM SANDWICHES
CONEY ISLAND WAN'T NEVER ONE TWO TREE WID DIS!
FRANKFURTERS
NIBBSY DIS IS DE FOIST TIME I WAS EVER TREATED LIKE A LOIDY!
7.
NEXT STOP MULBERRY PARK
AWAY WITH THAT INCORRIGIBLE IMP OF EARTH
8.
AH DERE, GOILY! DID YOU KNOW ABOUT DAT SWELL SPREAD WE WAS HAVIN'?
AW, YOU BEEN TO ONE O' DEM DREAM FESTS NIBSY!
9.



NIBSY THE NEWSBOY IN FUNNY FAIRYLAND

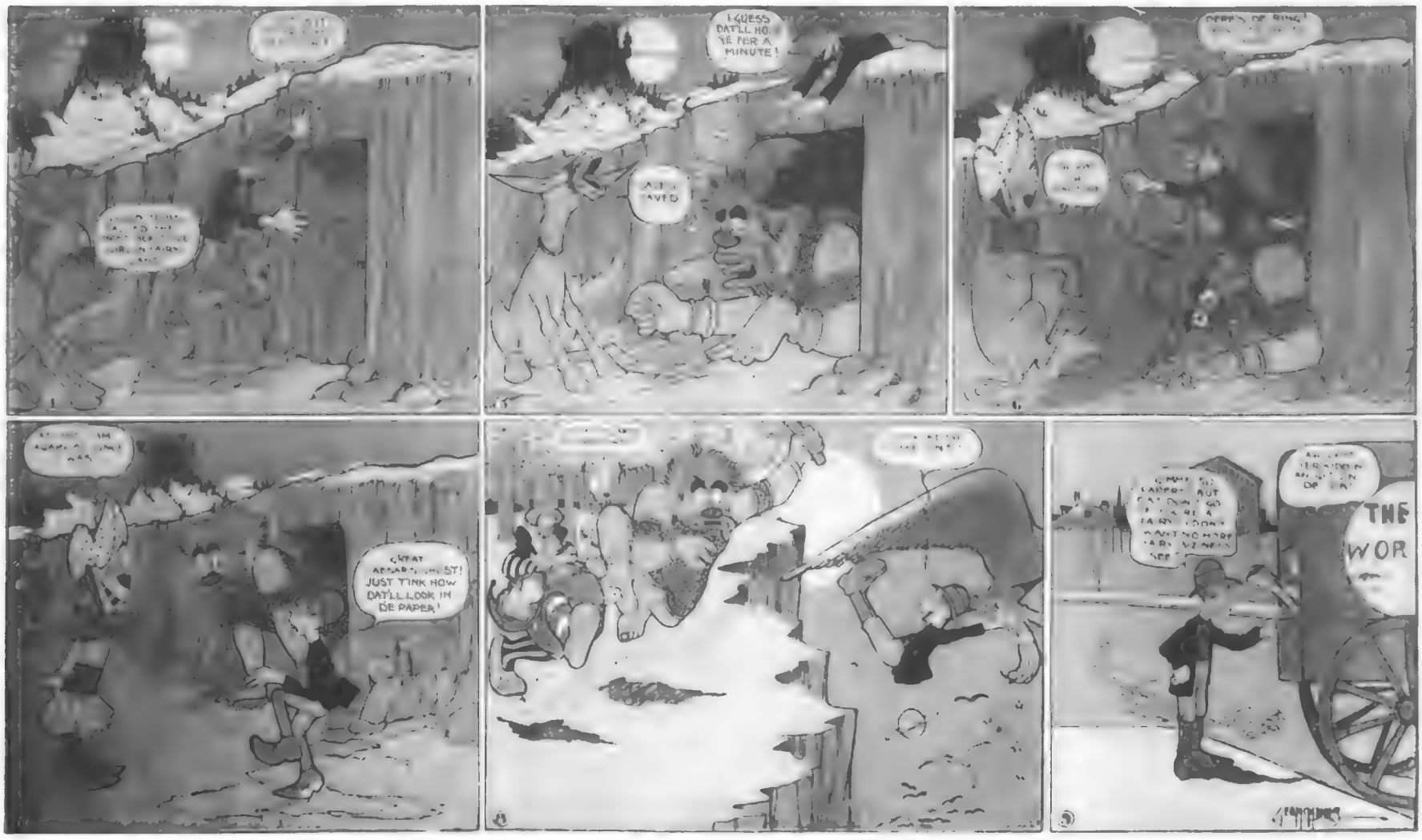
BY GEO. MC MANUS

THEY AIN'T NO PLACE IN FAIRYLAND WITH THIS MA... I'M NEVER SEEN ANYBODY THAT LOOKS IN HER REFLECTION AS TALL AS THIS IN REALITY AS SHE APPEARS TO BE IN THE MIRROR. I'LL BET SHE'S ONE OF THE FAIRIES SENT OUT OF THE FAIRIES UNION
AW I SEEN ONE O' DEM LOOKIN' GLASSES AT CONEY ISLAND!
ME FER DE MAZUMA!
THIS MESS HER MAJESS THE PRINCESS FATISSIMA
DONT SIT SAY DERE, KING, BUT DIG UP DE MONEY BAGS IT'S GOIN TO BE MAGIC TREATMENT FER DE FAT PRINCESS!
JUST ONE MORE CHANCE, VARLET!
I'LL BET LILLIAN RUSSELL USES ONE OF DESE LOOKIN GLASSES

LOOK IN DE GLASS, FATTY!!
THAT THOU ART GAINING A POUND AN HOUR!
I FEEL ETHEREAL BUT ALAS HOW DO I LOOK?
'S DEATH! YOU HAVE DESTROYED THE BEAUTY OF MY FAVORITE DAUGHTER, THE PET OF FAIRYLAND
GEE, BUT DAT'S A GREAT STUNT!
AVAUNT FROM MY KINGDOM!
WELCHER!
DIDST FATHER I AM ONCE MORE AS I WAS!
I'LL GIT JEROME AFTER YOU FER DAT $25000, OLD BIG TALK! SEE?
DID'ST SUCCEED?
AW NOTHIN DOIN'!

NIBSY THE NEWSBOY IN FUNNY FAIRYLAND

I AM THE FAIRY KING'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER TURNED INTO A DONKEY BY A CRUEL GIANT. IF YOU WILL TAKE ME TO FAIRYLAND AND GET A MAGIC RING FROM THE GIANT AND FLASH IT ON ME I WILL BE TURNED
DIS FAIRY BIZNESS IS TAKIN' TOO MUCH O' ME TIME, BUT I'LL GO YOU ONE!
GET OUT OF MY DOMINIONS!
AND I HATE TO STRIKE MY UNCLE OLD FATHER, TOO!



Sunday Funny Side Of The World JUNE.17.1906.

NIBSY
THE NEWSBOY
IN FUNNY FAIRYLAND
BY
GEO. McMANUS

FAIRYLAND, WHERE YOU MUST PRESENT IT TO THE PRINCESS FATISSIMA
PRINCESS FATISSIMA! HIS PEDIGREE IS COMIN' ON BE NEXT TRAIN! HE'L.. EAT OFF YOUR HAND!
A POMMERANIAN SPITZ POODLE! JUST WHAT I WANTED! HE SHALL BE THE MASCOT OF FAIRYLAND!
ZOUNDS! YOU HAVE INTERRUPTED THE ROYAL SHAVE!
2.
BEST REGARDS TO NIBSY!
HURRAH FOR NIBSY!
TANKS!

OPEN THE
HELP! HELP! OH I SHALL FALL IN A FAIRY FAINT!
THIS IS THE WORK OF THAT WICKED FAIRY FLIRTISSIMA!
I TOLD YOU HE'D EAT OFF
HERE'S YOUR
HA HA! THAT'S
FOR
FLIRTISSIMA!

NIBSY THE NEWSBOY IN FUNNY FAIRYLAND

BY GEO. MC MANUS

THE KING OF FAIRYLAND IS AWFUL SAD BECAUSE HE HAS NO HEIR TO HIS THRONE. TAKE THIS MAGIC POWDER UP AND SPRINKLE IT IN THE FIRE AND SEE WHAT
HALLO WHAT'S AILING YOU?
NO HEIR TO HIS THRONE. THE WHOLE KINGDOM IS PLUNGED IN
2.
NO HEIR YET
NO HEIR
NO HEIR
3.

NIBSY, THE NEWSBOY, IN FUNNY FAIRYLAND

I'M ON THE JOB!
HELP! HELP! ASSISTANCE!
YOUR MAJESTY, HOW ARE WE GOING TO FIGHT? WE HAVE NO TROOPS AND THE NAVY HAS GONE FISHING!
GET THEM ALL THE SAME SIZE, NIBSY.
DON'T LET THEM BRING ANY CANNED MEAT FROM CHICAGO!

HOW DO YOU GET INTO THIS TIN HOUSE?
WRETCHES! OUT OF MY SIGHT! YOU'RE AN INSULT TO FAIRYLAND!
AIN'T DAT A SCRAP FER YER LIFE?
SEE YOU LATER!
WELL NIBSY HOW'S THE STANDING ARMY OF FAIRYLAND?
ALL LAYIN DOWN, GENERAL

Funny Side
JULY 22 1906
SECTION OF
The World

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THE FAIRY KING VISITS NIBSY, THE NEWSBOY.

BY GEO. McMANUS.

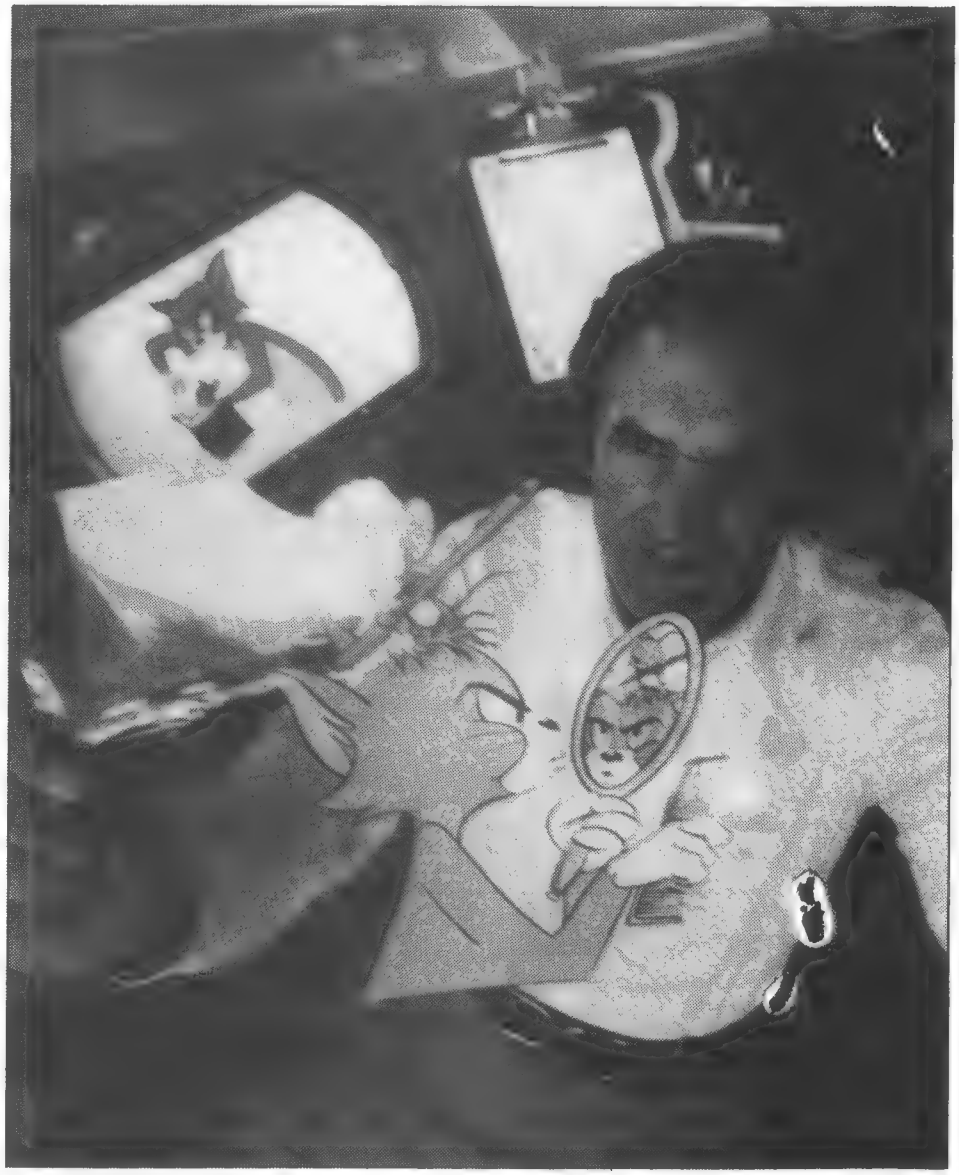
DOES NIBSY KNOW WE'RE COMING TO VISIT HIM?
NO, BUT HE'LL TREAT US ALL RIGHT.
I HOPE HE'LL SHOW US THE TOWN.
NIBSY, WE'VE COME TO CALL ON YOU AND FIND OUT HOW MORTALS ACT WHEN THEY'RE AT HOME.
PUT HER THERE, OLD TEN-SHOT!
IT'S TOO LATE FER DE GAME, BUT WAIT A MINUTE AN' YOU'LL SEE 'EM COME OUT!
RUN, YOU ICE-WAGON, RUN!
BASE BALL TO-DAY
I'LL TAKE ONE OF THEM IF IT'S ANY THING LIKE A HIGH BALL!
HE NEVER WAS A BALL PLAYER!
THE GIANTS'LL WIN OUT YET!
COULDN'T CATCH A BALL IN A BASKET.
DEY'RE COMIN' OUT NOW!
WERE THOSE MEN MAKING HOME RUNS!
THAT WASN'T A GAME THAT WAS A BATTLE!
DEY ALWAYS COME OUT DAT WAY!
WISH ID BROUGHT MY SHIN GUARDS!
AN' JUST WAIT HERE A MINUTE, AN' YOUSE WILL SEE HOW DEY BLOWS UP ROCKS!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THE EARTH?
HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO SEE IT!
NOW WE'VE GOT A START, LET'S GET BACK HOME!
I'M WITH YOU!
OFF!
WHAT YOUR NAISSTY NEEDS IS A TRIP ABROAD!
OH, YOU THINK SO! WELL, YOU TAKE A DAY OFF AND VISIT NIBSY!

MEGATON MAN JOINS KITCHEN SINK LINE-UP!

FIRST ISSUE IN SEPTEMBER!

FULL COLOR BAXTER!

Yesterday, Today, And Tomorrow In Animation By The Man Who Defines Its State



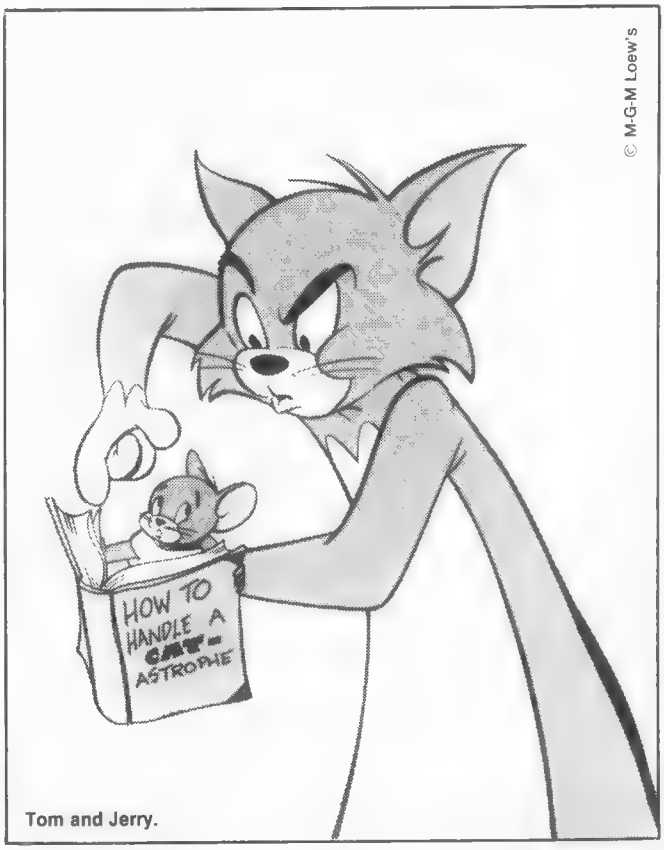
Joseph Barbera at M-G-M.

The Joseph Barbera Interview

Hanna and Barbera—the team produced classic cartoons for M-G-M in Hollywood's Golden Age of Animation. Hanna and Barbera—pioneers of television animation, they created dozens of memorable characters and, through economies of production, managed to keep animation before a new generation of fans. Hanna and Barbera—in the 1980s they are planning and producing for the future. In an exclusive *NEMO* interview, Joe Barbera tells of his own past, the trials and successes of his career, and candidly discusses the frustrations and challenges of his craft as he works toward future projects. The interviewers are Randy and Jean-Marc Lofficier, welcome newcomers to *NEMO*, whose specialties are animation and the European comics scene.

—REM

All artwork © Hanna-Barbera unless otherwise noted; artwork from the collection of R. and J.-M. Lofficier



Tom and Jerry.

Lofficier: *Let's start at the beginning of your animation career, during the Depression. How did you go from being an income tax accountant to becoming an artist?*
Barbera: Well, I'll tell you. There were no jobs of any kind at the time, and somehow or other I got into a bank. It was right on #1 Wall Street. To say that I hated it would be to put it mildly, because to this very day I cannot add! How I ended up in the trust department making out income tax returns, I'll never know. I would say that to this day they must be looking for the mistakes I made!

In the meantime, I had seen one Disney cartoon. I wrote my one and only letter to Walt Disney. I am a self-made artist, but I can draw and I can draw about as well as anybody. I sent him a sketch of Mickey Mouse, and by gosh, I got a letter back with "Walt Disney" signed on it. He said, "I'm coming to New York and I will be in touch with you." Unfortunately, he never did.

So, I was fascinated by cartoons in the magazines, those single panels with jokes and things. I got doing those on my own at home, at night until four in the morning. Once a week at lunchtime I would look at the clock, and as it hit 12 I would start this race down the stairs from the bank into the basement where the subways were, get on a subway express and zoom up to Grand Central—two stops—run up the stairs, run out to Park Avenue, run into *Redbook, Colliers, The New Yorker, The Saturday Evening Post*, wherever I could leave cartoons, pick up the rejects which were there every week—I never sold any—run down the stairs again, get on the subway, go back to the bank and crawl into the door exactly one hour later. My whole lunchtime was spent with these cartoons.

Then, one day, some mail came to my house, and here was a letter from *Colliers*, which was a very famous magazine in its day. I still have the originals, by the way. I opened it up and there was a $25 check! To say that I fainted and fell on the floor . . . that was such an accomplishment!
Lofficier: *But you didn't stay a cartoonist?*
Barbera: No, I only sold four cartoons. About that time, a friend of mine was with Fleischer's doing *Popeye*. I said I would like to try that, so I took a vacation and went up and tried *Popeye*. After four days I said, "This is terrible! This is not for me," and I quit. I went back to the bank. Shortly after that, because the economy was terrible, all the youngest, unmarried people in the bank were all laid off.

Here I was. I had already rejected this industry, and I was going to become a fabulous freelance artist in Greenwich Village. I had some friends down there. I remember walking very sadly out of the bank . . . and when I got outside, thinking, "I'm a free man!" because I hated that bank! But no one was working, and whatever I was making was very important at the time. I would take it home and give it to my mother; she would take it and I'd never see it again.

I was strolling around, trying to be an artist. I was going to just go out and sell those cartoons. The next week I was walking down Broadway and I ran into a fraternity brother. He said, "Why don't you go up to 729 Seventh Avenue? There's a studio there and they're going to make cartoons. Tell them you're an animator." I strolled up to United Artists, which is still there today, but I couldn't be less interested. I happened to have some published pieces of work—I had four magazine (gag cartoons) and some art sketches and portrait work that I had done. It was those published things that got them to give me a job.

There I was back in it again. Now I started working day and night, until four and five in the morning, trying to be an animator and writing stories. For six months I was an animator, and then they went out of business. Walt Disney put them out of business. They were releasing through RKO and Disney left Columbia and took over RKO. So, I went up to *TerryToons*. While I was there, M-G-M decided to start a cartoon studio. Through some contacts, I just happened to be there, I got asked to go out to California.

If I had gone to Disney's, I would have disappeared, which was the name of the game. You went to Walt Disney's and you just became a . . . there was a real cult worshipping Walt Disney, whatever he did. I would have done that, but luckily I never went there; I went to M-G-M.
Lofficier: *What happened there?*
Barbera: Well, there was a group from the East and a group from the West, and never the twain . . . Pretty soon, of everybody that came out, and there were only eight or nine of us, there was only one left: myself. Bill Hanna was there—he had been a director and he got taken off there and was in the story department—and so was I. The studio was about to close every other day. It was the most harrowing experience. I developed allergies and everything from stress. I had two children and I could see them starving . . .

So, Bill and I decided to do a cartoon on our own time, and we decided that it would be a cat-and-mouse cartoon. The reason for that was that we figured that a cat and mouse are recognizable anywhere in the world, you don't have to introduce them. Everybody knows that a cat chases a mouse. We did the first *Tom and Jerry*, but it wasn't called that.

What I did was to draw every drawing of the picture; not a storyboard. I actually did the scenes, the close-ups, the long-shots, enough drawings to run. Bill exposed the drawings on what they call an exposure sheet, so the camera could shoot them to length. When we were through, we had a demonstration film that was the length of a cartoon. But we only used 1,500 drawings, instead of 26,000 or 43,000, which is about what they were doing then.

We ran the film in a projection room and it got so many laughs it was unbelievable—more laughs than you could believe. So, the business man at M-G-M said, "Why don't you go ahead and finish it?" That's how we started.
Lofficier: *Was* Tom and Jerry *popular right away?*
Barbera: Yes, but in a short time, when we went to do another one, the business man at M-G-M said, "No, no more of those." Somebody else said, "How many more of those can you do? They've been done for years, it's a tired subject." At that

moment a letter came in. The Lord delivered a letter from a very important exhibitor. She said, "When are we going to get another one of those delightful cat-and-mouse cartoons?" So the guy from M-G-M said, "Well, you'd better make some more."

We started, and everybody said you cannot not do more than another two or three of them . . . what else can you do with a cat and mouse? We did them for 20 years and we won seven Oscars. Actually, no star or individual, that I know of, has ever won more than two or maybe three. *Tom and Jerry* won seven! I don't mean the studio, studios win 18 or 20 for one film. This is one set of characters. We did that against Disney, Warners, *Woody Woodpecker*, foreign entries, and everything else. It was a big accomplishment.

Just at the time when we were put in complete charge of it, and we thought we had reached the height of our success, when we had doubled the production and our end of M-G-M was making nothing but money, the phone call came and they said, "Close the studio!" That's pretty impossible . . . we were so confident of our success and of how solid we were at the studio, and the call came to let everybody go.

Lofficier: *Why was that?*

Barbera: The reason for that was that they were in big financial trouble. The whole industry was at the time. The whole animation industry had closed down. We thought we were untouchable. They needed cash and they found out that the *Tom and Jerry* cartoons were so popular that when they reissued them every four years, they were doing 90 percent of the business of the new ones. They figured that they could stop spending money on new cartoons and just keep putting out the old ones. That way they could have cash coming in without the expenses. They never thought for a minute that they were about to disband the best cartoon studio in the industry. It was a great studio.

Bill and I were on contract, so here we were at the height of our career, just chopped off. In the meantime they had even let all the stars go. Gable, Lana Turner, Katharine Hepburn, all the people that were working there just left the lot. The studio had cut all their contracts. They were very bad days. But, I can't fault them.

Lofficier: *What did you do then?*

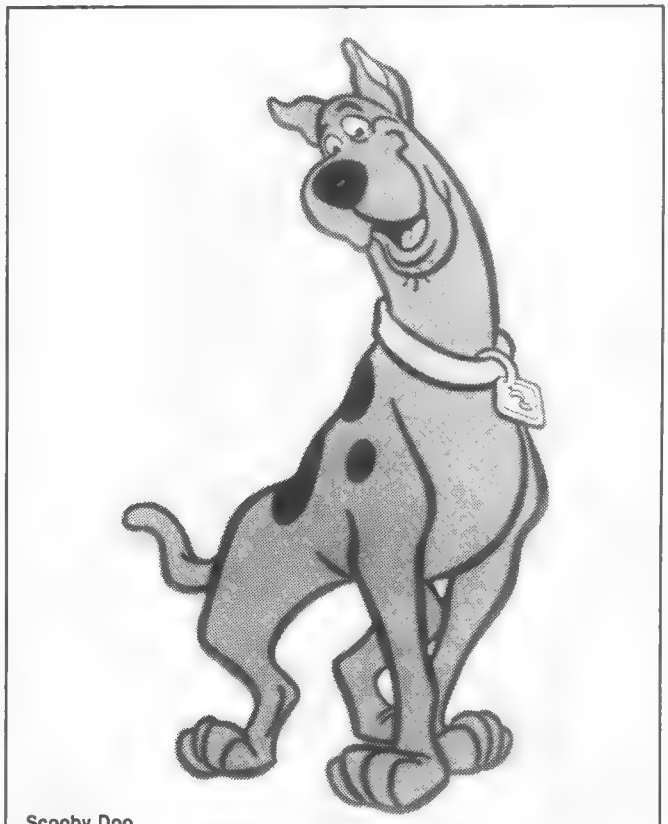
Barbera: Well, Bill and I wrote a six page treatment as to how we could go into television. This sounds strange, but if you said television on that lot they doggone near fired you. Television was a bad word. The industry didn't want to hear about television.

We tried it out and couldn't get in any place. Everybody said you could not do cartoons for television. This was in 1956 or 1957. We went to every studio, and whoever was in television said to forget it.

At home, in the meantime, I was drawing a series idea for television. I called it *Ruff*, and my daughter was coloring it. We went to Screen Gems, which was Columbia at the time. They had just tried to do a series of cartoons with somebody and it was a disaster. We were the two people who did *Tom and Jerry*, so they at least talked to us, but here was the problem. We were averaging $45,000 to $65,000 for a five-minute cartoon. Disney was up to $125,000 and he just stopped making them. There was no reason to make them for that kind of money; they could never get it back. Screen Gems decided to take a chance, and they offered us $2,700 for five minutes! That's where ingenuity has to come in.

We moved into the Chaplin Studios, just the two of us. When we had worked on the first *Tom and Jerry*, and made it with only 1500 drawings, we used every trick that we knew about moving drawings with the least amount of drawings. We used that exact same method for the first television thing. We were able to do those with a minimum of drawings and to meet the price. Even so, the Screen Gems people didn't understand it. I remember Harry Cohn walked in and looked at this thing on the screen, which was a pencil test, didn't know what it was, and said, "Get rid of it! Just drop the whole idea!" That was his answer.

At that time, NBC was doing a kiddie show, and they agreed to include these in the show. So, we continued to finish them and started *Huckleberry Hound*. In that show was *Yogi Bear* and the *Meeses*.



Scooby Doo.

I remember—we had never done one word of dialogue. It was all pantomime. Now, suddenly, we were doing cartoons with dialogue. We got together the best team of voice people, who are still doing it for us today. Don Messick, Daws Butler, and Mel Blanc. Some of them would be doing nine voices and talking to themselves!

Lofficier: *Was it easy selling these shows?*

Barbera: No. There was something that we never had to do before, and that was to go to agencies to sell the shows. It wasn't networks then. You would go to, say, Leo Burnett Agency in Chicago, who handled the Kellogg's account. They were looking for a show for Kellogg's. I had never had to sell anything before and I suddenly had to sell something to a bunch of people I had never seen before. They agreed to do a test on this *Huckleberry Hound* idea.

I remember going into this big office with the first two pictures in pencil, with a sound track, two tracks. It was a big fancy conference room with pushbuttons to open the movie screen and such. A very efficient fellow came in and said, "I'll handle this." I explained which track was which, and he said, "I'll go in and set them up. When you're ready, just push this button." He knew everything! Finally, in came a bunch of people. Agency people, the Kellogg's people, the account executive, etc. They were being shown possible shows for all their products and it was late and they were tired. They wanted something to drink and they wanted to go to lunch, so the agency fellow ran in and said, "Make this short. Let's get at it because these guys are cranky."

One of the guys from Kellogg's, who is still a good friend of mine and is now the president of the company, asked me if I had any children and I couldn't remember! This was a whole world I never knew before. I had been in a secluded world making *Tom and Jerry* for years, and all of a sudden I was pitching.

I reached out and pressed the magic button, so what happens? The picture comes on with the wrong track! The wrong

Yogi Bear.

track—Yogi Bear's voice on Huckleberry Hound! They stopped it quickly. I saw all these cranky faces looking at me. Now I had to ad lib for 15 minutes while the idiot inside did things.

Finally it started, and one cartoon had a cat with a Marlon Brando-type voice that would say things like, "I hate you Meeses to pieces!", that kind of thing. The Meeses are bothered by the cat, they go to the Yellow Pages, they flip it open and it says, "Are you having trouble with a cat? Call Judo Jack." So they dial this number, there's a knock on the door and this little mouse dressed in a karate outfit is standing there. That was way before *Kung Fu* or any of that. We introduced this little mouse who bowed, walks outside and puts the cat away. These people were rolling on the floor! Then we ran the other one and I got the same reaction with the first *Yogi Bear* cartoon.

They told me to go back to the hotel and wait. When you worked at MGM you never went to clients, you never went to hotels, you didn't have to. Now, I'm sitting in a hotel in Chicago and it's eight degrees outside, and I didn't know what to expect. The phone rang and someone from the agency said, "Go get drunk. You sold the show!" That's how the first show got off the ground.

Lofficier: *Can you tell us about* The Flintstones?

Barbera: While we were trying to produce *Huckleberry Hound*, the Screen Gems people came in and said we should try to do a primetime show. That's where we created *The Flintstones*. That was an agonizing thing, because it had never been done before. We had to create a family. We tried different families. We had tall fathers, short mothers, kid, dog; fat father, thin mother, two kids, cat; on and on and on. Every drawing they looked at just didn't work.

Suddenly, how it happened I can't remember, we put them in skins, bare feet, and also, unintentionally, it was like *The Honeymooners*! We had two families living next door to each other. The difference was, first of all they were no specific class, because they didn't have shoes and they had skins. We used all the (puns), which helped—they had a Polarock camera, we had guests like Ann Margrock, Cary Granite, all these people—and the stories were wonderful. We had good, solid situation-comedy stories. Then we plussed it with the visual gags. That show was nominated for the Emmy the very first year. But we were up against Jack Benny, who won.

We won the Emmy with *Huckleberry Hound* its first year. It became a classic—everybody stopped when the show went on. Kellogg's went on to buy *Quickdraw McGraw* and a spin-off of the first show, *The Yogi Bear Show*. We had three shows running in a week. You must remeber: We used to do 40 minutes of animation a year, and now we were doing two-and-a-half hours a week! Don't ask me how! I can remember tossing all night!

Lofficier: The Jetsons *must have been one of the first futuristic cartoon series ever done.*

Barbera: Absolutely. When I look at it, the innovative things that we had in the show were marvelous. I'll never forget, they ran a test on the show and they came back with these long rolls of paper, like a cardiogram, showing the laughs. The highest rated laughs they had ever registered were for the program. They thought it would be the biggest hit of all times. What it doesn't show is where the network puts it. What they did was to put it against *Walt Disney* and *Dennis the Menace*, so we split the family audience. It was a shame, because the following of that show today is like a cult. It still is brilliantly conceived, the ideas, the way they lived . . .

In fact, it comes up every year as to whether we should do more of them or not. They keep running over and over. Paramount has been on us for almost nine months for the rights to do it as a live feature. We're trying to decide whether that's right or not. We're also discussing a live version of *The Flintstones* with Warner Bros.

That was *The Jetsons*. Then we went on to do *Jonny Quest*, which was one of the best adventure animated things ever made. In fact, if you would read the scripts today, you'd find that at least half of them could make features, that's how well they were written. Then we did *Top Cat*, which is still going.

Then, what I call a disaster happened. For some reason or other we didn't sell to the clients anymore. The networks moved in on the picture somehow or other, and now you only had three places to sell your show, which is where it is today. You go to NBC, CBS or ABC, and they shy away from primetime (animation), although I'm working on a new animated primetime idea right now which I think is going to knock them dead. I think it's so good that they can't turn it down.

We did do a thing which almost got in with the right client, but at the last minute the wrong decision was made and we went into syndication. That was *Wait Till Your Father Gets Home*. That started out as a hell of a show. Then, because of budget, the stories were good but we didn't get the (animation) quality, which was a shame.

Lofficier: *So you became relegated to doing Saturday morning shows.*

Barbera: Yes. When the networks came in, everything moved to Saturday morning. Now, the ACT (Action for Childrens Television) people are involved. Suddenly, all the problems in the world, the wars, the terrorists, everything is blamed on Saturday morning cartoons. The pressure groups began to get very vocal and received lots of donations from terrified organizations and businesses by saying, "If you don't do this, we won't buy your toothpaste. If you don't stop this we won't buy your cereals." And this group was just having a wonderful time, forgetting that after four years old you can't play down to children. They're too sharp.

They come in here and start ripping apart the things we do. They know when you duplicate a voice or you cheat on a sound effect. Here suddenly we have people at the networks who are authorities on children, and they're making us pull everything down to what I call the pap level. The stuff that made our careers (had never been) interfered with. Then the humor came out of us.

Can you see me today doing a script and having the Ranger saying to Yogi Bear, "Yogi, what are you doing out here in the middle of winter? You're supposed to be sleeping in a cave. Please, go back." Yogi says, "Can I help it if I'm a nonconformist bear?" Those are the lines we used to use. Today, one of the ex-

perts at the network would tell us we couldn't say that because the kids wouldn't know what we were talking about! Which is ridiculous!

The stories in the past weren't adult, they just weren't played down. Today, everything is icky and sickening. The next thing you knew, you couldn't do violence. We haven't done violence in over 15 years. When President Kennedy and then Robert Kennedy got assassinated, in that era, everything was stopped . . . guns, knives, pistols, everything. They especially attacked the children's area. Well, it was pretty ridiculous.

When you wake up in the morning and put the radio on, you hear that terrorists just attacked a plane, two bodies were found on the freeway, etc., etc. Then you turn the television on and see all that in living color. The newspaper headlines are exactly the same. Now, the children in the house are getting this whether they want it or not. Even if you turn on a football game you see living mayhem. Then, suddenly they blame all of this on Saturday morning cartoons.

Lofficier: *This past year I found it pleasantly surprising to see a* Smurf *cartoon where a little mouse saved the village from a fire and then died. How did you manage to show that?*

Barbera: We got more praise from that show— In fact, Merv Griffin ran it on his show. He ran the piece of film with two child psychologists, who were saying that there was absolutely nothing wrong with using cartoons for this kind of thing, and that it is very helpful to kids that have pets.

I went to an ACT meeting and I took five pieces of film. Three of them were Emmy winners. One was called *The Last of the Curlews*, which was an hour special. It was about how humans decimated 35-million birds; one left and it came back to meet its mate. A farmer in a field shoots the mate, which dies. Nature makes the surviving bird go on to the mating ground in Alaska. That was before the *Smurfs*, and it was the first time you ever saw anything die, and it was true. We got lots of great letters, complaints from some mothers, and the National Rifle Association said, "If you keep making these you're going to get it." They said farmers never shoot any birds!

The other clips included *Cyrano de Bergerac*, animated with Jose Ferrer; one was live and was called *The Runaways* and told the story of a little girl who ran away because her mother was going to marry a man that wasn't her father. After we ran these pieces the ladies said, "These are wonderful. Were these ever on television?" I asked them why they never say anything nice about what we do; why did they only talk about violence? The cartoons that are in syndication were made 50 years ago— those are the ones that have violence. They're not being made today.

Another reason that the *Smurfs* work so well is because we have the worst villain you've ever seen! Gargamel hates Smurfs! You haven't seen a villain like that in a long time. The twist is that they're very hard to catch because they're elusive and mysterious. The kids enjoy that. So, we've got back a little bit of being able to do what we want. But, I'll tell you, between us and reaching the screen, sometimes there are as many as 15 people (who review and criticize).

Lofficier: *Can you tell us about* Heidi's Song?

Barbera: With *Heidi's Song* we've gone into the first of what I call Super Animation. When people say that the quality doesn't compare with what people used to do in the old days, they don't understand what they're talking about. In those days you spent $45,000 on five minutes. Today the money isn't there and we have to turn out quantity.

Our industry has been losing people, because we weren't bringing new people into the business. That's because television is a seasonal business. So, when you get the young artists coming in with their portfolios and their wide eyes, and they want to come into this fantasy world, you have to tell them, "Fine. But you realize that sometimes right around Christmas time every year we lay everybody off." That's a fine Christmas present but that's when the season usually ends. The original people have all gotten older and some of them have gone to the great cartoon studio in the sky.

Gradually we tried to expand the season and I sold the company on the idea of going into features, for a couple of reasons. We would use it as a training ground for the future animators,

The animated Smurfs. © 1984 Peyo

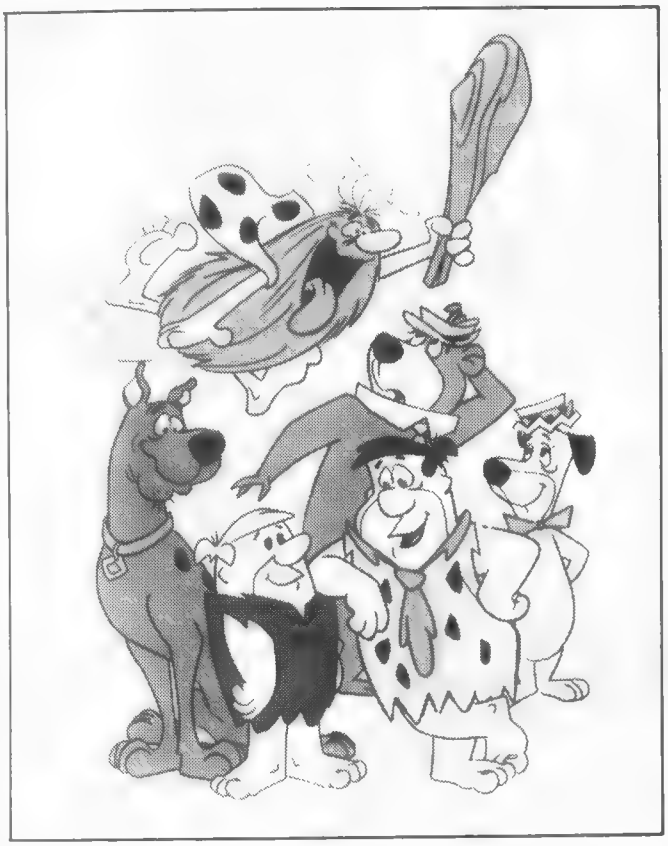
because you can really *train* on full animation. Also, we've got classes that we run. Every week we have a series of classes on animation, then we have them on story, storyboard and layouts. We get great turnouts. A lot of our top people do guest speaking, and once in a while I go in and do a big pep talk and tell them the facts of life. The idea is that this is a hand craft. It's the last of the great hand arts, and it's a business that is suddenly beginning to get bigger and have more of a demand.

We're into computers, and there aren't enough people here to do the amount of work that we're trying to do, so we're forced to go abroad to our other studios to find help. We also have to do it because foreign companies are coming in here to compete with us, and underbidding us.

The computers will never replace animation. They will help you turn out more work, but you will always need animators, because there is no way a computer can go close on a drawing and have a tear come out of an eye and get emotion. They're used to apply color.

In the past, after you drew something you would have to trace it onto celluloid with a pen or a brush. Now we photocopy it. At first people said that would be the end of the world and put artists out of work. Instead, we went from 200 people to 1500 people. Computers will (see us) go from 1500 people to 5000 people. Why? Because of the cassettes, the training courses in schools, the amount of material that will be necessary to feed these home computers and classrooms. You can never have enough people trained to do that by hand. So, the laborious end of it—that somebody once termed the "donkey" work, which is not quite right—but the color can be done by just touching our color key.

The people who would do that go into other areas of animation. You'll always need animation, you'll always need assistant work, you'll always need stories, storyboards and models. That's (by) hand, that's creative, that's why we're having the classes. We want to get ready for what I think will be a big boom in this business. There are more features being made than ever



before. The *Asterix* people have been talking about a feature with us. (NOTE: Hanna-Barbera is now animating two *Asterix* features and 26 *Lucky Luke* episodes for TV, both Dargaud properties.)

With *Heidi's Song* we first thought that when we would slow down, we would put people on the feature. It really doesn't work that way. A team that starts on a feature has to stay on it. So, it took us about eight years, which is too bad. Then, when I saw the first 2000 feet I just junked it all. It was too old fashioned, going way back to the way Disney was doing it, and you can't do that. We started all over again. The point is, that we did experiment. In the sequence with the rats' dancing, there's some experimenting where we run it through the camera six times.

Lofficier: *That scene is quite surrealistic, and stands out from the rest of the film . . .*

Barbera: I deliberately came in with that piece at the time, because I figured I would wake everybody up. You know, you're going along with a sweet picture with tears and whatever, and all of a sudden—what the heck is this in here? It was like a Bob Fosse choreographed number. To do it, you'd shoot it once, then you'd shoot over it, then shoot another thing over that, then bring somebody out of something. We did all this experimenting with it, which is why it ran up to so darn much money and took too much time.

One of the benefits of it is that if you do it and its good, it's timeless. That will be there forever. One of the problems is, that it it takes a lot of time, there's not a lot of people that will put the money into it, because that money is losing interest. You keep spending money and years go by and nothing is coming back.

Ralph Bakshi tried to lick that by shooting it all live and then tracing it off. It's not really animation, but it's a quick way to do it. Basically you get inexpensive people to trace it off. You always see people walking around with paint on. It isn't animation and you can't get emotion. You can't get really in close. There's three places in *Heidi* where everyone cries. Animation is what I call exaggeration of human movement. When you do rotoscope, you're just taking it right off the human. That's not animation anymore to me, so we won't do that. We will study human movement, but we won't trace it off.

Remember when we did Gene Kelly and his dance with the mouse (at M-G-M)? We had to trace off every frame of him. We did the same thing in *Invitation to the Dance*. We had to match his dancing with the cartoon characters. So we had to trace him off and then match his dancing. It's so much work, and so expensive to do!

Lofficier: *Why did you pick* Heidi, *with all the other possibilities for a feature?*

Barbera: That's a good question, when you say all the possibilities for a feature. Name me one. Disney did most of them that you want to do. *Heidi* is a hundred-year classic and is still a great story all over the world. It's a good tear-jerking story, and has never been done as a musical. The reason I went into it was, when they did *Pygmalion* and they turned it into *My Fair Lady*, they were able to take this great script and play and take licenses with it, write songs, this kind of stuff. With *Heidi*, although they've made many versions, we were able, when we went into music, to give it a whole different approach. We also felt that it was a marvelous story and will live forever, as the book will.

Now, if you don't think we didn't explore other avenues . . . Should we do *Black Beauty*? We had *The Black Stallion* at one time, thinking of doing it animated, but we dropped it. Maybe it was the best thing, because they did a much better job (in live action). Right now I have two original projects, and I know to do one, I have to come up with something that can compete in the market with *Return of the Jedi*, *Trading Places*, etc. You've got to have something which is different and will pull them in, which is very difficult to have.

LOFFICIER: *If you weren't under any constraints from ACT or the networks, what would you like to do?*

BARBERA: We've had several things that were picked up by the networks, and by the time that they got through with the changes . . . I did a thing called *Troll Patrol*. It was the most unusual stuff you've ever seen. The network bought it, but then they got nervous about it, because it was so new. By the time they got through with it, they'd turned it into a rip-off of *The Dukes of Hazzard*. That's what happens, and it's happening to another one right now.

What I would like to do is put the kind of humor that I like, and what I represent, which I thought we were doing with *Yogi* and the high adventure, action and space stuff, like *Space Ghost*.

Lofficier: *Weren't you supposed to be doing a version of the French series,* Lucky Luke?

Barbera: We're still doing it. We're having a lot of problems. In fact, Mme. Goscinny was very disappointed. The network said, "Guns? We don't want it at all. We're not interested. Can't have any guns. Can't have a cigarette in your mouth." You can't do anything! That's what's happening! You ask what I want to do?

We're steering in the direction of syndicated packaging. If you make a deal for syndication, that's 26 half-hours or 52 half hours, where you can do what you want to do. Right now I'm developing a primetime animated series, which will be my thinking, if I can get it on the screen; and also a live action adventure series for syndication. That will be like a *Raiders of the Lost Ark* type of thing that you do every week. In fact, about 12 years ago we did a thing called *The Banana Splits*. There was a sequence in it called *Danger Island*, which was a live action cliff hanger. It was 10 minutes long every week. It was directed by Richard Donner and starred Jan Michael Vincent. It was done on no budget, but we had *Raiders of the Lost Ark*! We did everything that cliff-hangers did. Dick called me and said we should cut it together to make a film.

I know I can do that. That stuff is my bag. We're talking about doing 26 of them live. But we can do it without the restrictions of the doggone network, whom I can't blame because they're afraid of the FCC and the clients.

Lofficier: *What do you see as the future of animation?*

Barbera: Bigger than ever, because by using computers and by freeing the restrictions, we'll be able to do things we haven't been able to do for 15 years. The one reason why I'm here, and why we're here—we want people to laugh! **n**

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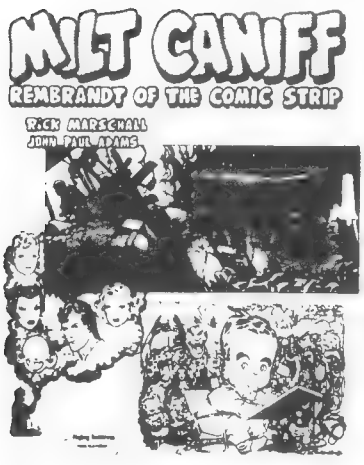

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Playwright for Paper Actors:
The Allen Saunders Autobiography

—CHAPTER EIGHT—
The '30s

Hilarity In The Newsroom

The *Toledo News-Bee*, where I seemed set in a newspaper career, was aggressive, well-edited, and brightly written. Its evening competitor across the street, the *Blade*, while splendidly staffed and quite readable today, took its responsibility as "One of America's Great Newspapers" so seriously in the '30s that its contents sometimes verged on stuffiness.

There had been a time when the *News-Bee* boasted the larger circulation and advertising revenue of the two, but the figures had nose-dived in 1919 after the Scripps-Howard paper headlined the end of World War I, only to retract the joyous news next day. Actually, I understand, the armistice had been signed when *News-Bee* extras hit the street, but, for diplomatic reasons, the announcement was not officially released until many hours later, and the premature ringing of church bells on the day of "the False Armistice" sounded a knell for the paper's superiority in public confidence, readership, and profitable operation.

There may have been another contributing cause for the *News-Bee's* death, 11 years after I joined its staff. My fellow workers, like the good folk of Advance, Indiana, found almost daily relaxation in practical jokes.

I discovered this fact the first week I was on the staff. As with all newly hired reporters, I was first assigned to writing obituaries, making phone calls to undertakers for information about those who had died during the hours previous to press time.

It was nerve-tensing work. To make an error in an individual's last, and often first, appearance in the day's news was a sad and unforgivable blunder.

Toledo had a large and diverse foreign population and listing of the names of the deceased and survivors, repeating them letter by letter, often using the "A-for-acorn, B-for-boy" system, was a tedious but essential practice.

One day, as the Home Edition deadline approached, I found myself listening while a voice on the phone dictated an interminable list of surnames. . . . all Polish. I struggled and sweated and tried to understand the strange combination of consonants. The voice kept shouting angrily that I still didn't have the spelling right. The clock ticked off the minutes toward press time. I was ankle deep in discarded wads of copy paper.

The city editor finally signaled to end the torture . . . and amid howls of laughter all eyes turned to a reporter on a phone at the end of the room. Pretending to be a mortician, he had dialed my phone and staged the farce. I had been initiated into the "Fun Comes First" Club.

The city room telephones were used almost as often for horseplay as for news gathering. One reporter, John MacGowan, was accomplished in the use of double-talk. He had a fiendish proficiency in mixing meaningless sounds with occasional phrases that made sense. Almost daily, he made calls to selected victims . . . anyone from a bootlegger to the mayor . . . and set them wild with a citizen's complaint or veiled threats.

Howard Stephenson, our scholarly associate editor, doubled as "Mr. Fixit," an omsbudsman long before that word had crossed the Atlantic. He responded to readers' complaints when the city government had, in some field, failed to carry out its responsibilities. And he was one of Johnny's favorite targets.

"Mr. Fixit?," Johnny would ask, and get a cordial business-like affirmative.

"I'm calling from 1028 River Road. The graffis on the forva morven dead horse in the street!"

"Yes?" Steve would respond, reaching for pencil and paper. "There is a dead horse on River Road?"

"No! I said polgate frammis inna Copland!"

Patiently persisting, Steve would come back with: "You mean the horse is on Copland *near* River Road?"

Another flurry of double-talk denials and Steve would be bouncing in his chair, and fellow staffers, from a safe distance, watched until the victim banged his phone on its cradle.

In the washroom one day, I walked in to find two newsmen whispering. They put finger to lip and gave me a conspiratorial wink. One of them pulled out a children's enema bulb and filled it with warm water.

"How's you bladder-power these days, Joe?" he asked, loud enough to be heard by the occupant of a booth.

"Better than yours, Freddie."

"Oh, yeah? I can throw it 10 feet! . . . Over that stall door!"

A scornful challenge. "A buck says you can't. Y'on?"

An instant later a stream of warm water arched over the door of the booth and its furious occupant burst out, clutching his trousers, to find his tormentors doubled up in laughter.

This routine soon lost its novelty, but one piece of office equipment, the teletype machine, provided endless amusement.

Someone discovered that fake stories could be run off on the machine, complete with false starts, corrections, and cryptic instructions which made the copy impossible to tell from a genuine wire-service bulletin.

Clarence Bailey, a staff photographer, was a devout Catholic and a fervent baseball fan. When one of his heroes, a famous pitcher, died unexpectedly, Clarence was a study in grief. He stood around eulogizing his idol. Then someone ran off a fake press association story telling how the pitcher had renounced the Catholic faith just before he died and asked to be buried "with full Masonic honors." When the story was handed to Clarence, he dropped into a chair, stunned. At last he blurted: "If he doesn't give a damn about his soul, why should I?"

Practical joking was not limited to reporters. The managing editor, Paul Jones, and the head of the copy desk, Paul Evansted, a peppery perfectionist of Norwegian ancestry, carried on a series of elaborate one-upsmanship japes which did not end with the demise of the paper.

On the rim of the copy desk was a newly hired employee who seldom talked to his colleagues. When he did speak, it became increasingly apparent that he was mentally disturbed. He would burst out in sudden fits of anger against the paper's management, often adding darkly that the relatives of those in authority would someday soon wear mourning.

Evansted took the situation up with Jones. "The man will have to go," he said, "before he turns violent and hurts somebody."

"You're right," Jones agreed. "He's a good copy-reader and basically a decent person and I hate to see him lose his job. But tell him we can't use him after tomorrow."

"*You* fire him!" Evansted snapped. "You're in charge here."

Reluctantly, and with all the tact at his command, Jones informed the man that his services were no longer needed. The copy-reader nodded silently and headed for the exit, without stopping to clean out his desk drawer.

In that drawer were pages on which the discharged worker had written headlines in a distinctive, half-printed script. Evansted studied these before throwing them in the waste-basket . . . and had an inspiration.

Two days later, Jones received a package in the mail. It was addressed in the peculiar handwriting of the man he had discharged.

And it ticked!

Jones was skeptical. He had been the butt of Evansted's practical jokes before. And only a week previously he himself had been on the delivering end of a prank in which Evansted was the victim. But you don't take chances with a possible time-bomb. He called in the police.

Two officers in flak-suits appeared moments later. All work stopped and the staff watched, crouching behind desks, as the package was soaked in a pail of water. One officer, with extreme care, tore off the soggy wrapping to reveal a cardboard box which he gingerly tore apart. In it was a cheap alarm clock, and crayoned across the face was a ribald command telling the red-faced Managing Editor to go and perform an anatomically impossible act.

Jones brooded over the incident for more than a week. Then one day he called me over to his desk and enlisted my help. An unusual comedy act was currently appearing in a local theater; a midget woman, dressed as a child, engaged a male partner of normal size in definitely un-juvenile dialogue.

"Tell them you'll give them three-column art on your entertainment page if they'll take part in a harmless little prank," Jones said.

I didn't protest this use of my limited news space. Managing editors carry clout.

Next day, when pre-deadline silence enfolded the newsroom, the street door was slowly pushed open. What appeared to be a five-year-old girl sidled in, clutching a doll. She had been well briefed. She ran straight to the copy desk slot, climbed on Evansted's lap and, in a voice that carried to the farthest corner, shrilled: "Daddy! Daddy! Come back to Minneapolis! Mama's in jail again!"

For days afterward, Evansted only spoke to Jones when work problems made it unavoidable.

When the *News-Bee* folded, neither Jones nor Evansted was unemployed for long. The former went to Chicago as public relations director for the National Safety Council, the latter to an executive job on a newspaper there.

One day a visitor planted himself in the anteroom to Jones's office. He was an old Skid Row bum, ragged, bearded and rancid-smelling. Asked why he was there, he informed Jones that he was the father of the copy-reader Jones had discharged in Toledo and that he intended to sit, and even sleep, in the National Safety Council office until Jones gave the son a job.

Paul, one of the most fastidious men I have ever known, backed away out of range of the fetid cloud which was gradually filling the room, and groped for a solution to the problem. Suddenly he had a flash of inspiration.

"How much did Mr. Evansted pay you to put on this act?"

"Five dollars," the derelict admitted.

Paul took a $5 bill from his wallet and offered it with a one-word command. "Scram!"

The visitor scrammed.

On the day after Christmas an advertisement appeared in the classified section of Evansted's paper: "Will pay highest price for old Christmas trees." The phone number given was Evansted's. And for more than 48 hours his switchboard was tied up with callers, eager to make an unexpected profit from the sale of used evergreens.

It was a great gang of pranksters that put out the old *News-Bee*. Few were the days without laughter. But we learned too late that clowns have no place in the counting-house.

I came home, in the fall of 1938, from a working vacation in Europe with my young son, John. To justify a continuing salary while away, I had sent back daily columns . . . and had a notebook of impressions left over which would fill space on newsless days in the entertainment world.

A column on the malaise suffered in getting a haircut in a French village was to give me breathing-time on the first day after my return. I pasted the pages together and took them out to the composing-room. The copy-cutter looked up from his linotype keyboard and asked:

"What is this for?"

"For tomorrow's paper."

He gave a rueful smile. "There ain't gonna be any tomorrow's paper. The *Blade* has bought us out and is killing off the *News-Bee*."

Somewhere in my files I have those pasted-together sheets of typescript telling what French barber-shops were like 46 years ago.

Allen Saunders and Elmer Woggon (at the drawing board) at the time of the creation of the Great Gusto and *Big Chief Wahoo*.

—CHAPTER NINE—
Comic-Strip Work

The Foot In The Door Wore A Moccasin

When asked by a hopeful young cartoonist how one can break into my nonessential trade, profession, or racket, I sometimes reply facetiously: "You go to a symphony concert and meet a 75-pound Indian Chief."

There is a certain amount of truth in that obviously spoofing statement. One night in 1935, my wife Lois and I attended a concert in our Art Museum peristyle. During the intermission, the late Elmer Woggon, art editor of the *Toledo Blade*, came to me with an invitation that resulted in our being friends and partners for more than 40 years, an association that took me into a full-time career as a writer of comic strips.

Elmer and I had each made unsuccessful attempts to market syndicated comics, and failure had not dampened our optimism. He had created the first aviation strip, *Skylark*, which failed to get off the ground, I suspect, because its creator had never been in a plane. My own bomb was a panel, *Miserable Moments*, a shameless steal from *When a Feller Needs a Friend*, by the great Clare Briggs. It proved to be a dud and I turned from drawing comic art to the writing of detective fiction for the pulp magazines, of which there were dozens in those days.

Elmer's new effort was a gag strip about a medicine show impresario, *The Great Gusto*, who had a little Indian, Wahoo, as a stooge and "shill." He had shown samples to a Chicago syndicate man, Gene Conley, partner in a modest agency, Publishers Syndicate. Gene liked the idea and wanted to see more. Would I, Elmer asked, as we stood in the aisle during the long intermission, like to write it?

I definitely would like to try. We shook hands, the only contract we ever needed in a generation of working together.

The ambiance of our narrative was the simple life lived in the Gay Nineties, when medicine shows were frequent visitors to rural communities. Gusto was modeled after W.C. Fields. A beautiful Indian girl, Minnie-Ha-Cha; a tot named Pigtails; and Ammonia, a sway-backed horse, completed the cast.

Elmer and I spent several nights a week getting our feature ready for the syndicate salesmen. He turned out page after page of promotion ads for newspapers. . . all to no avail. Editors looked at *The Great Gusto* and were not impressed. "But that half-pint redskin is kinda cute," they often added. So we threw away all those beautiful promotion ads and Elmer turned out, with dazzling speed, a new set calling attention to *Big Chief Wahoo*, the stooge who had stolen the show. Then came another disappointment.

Publishers Syndicate had developed the Gallup Poll and salesmen were taking it on the road immediately, as this was a presidential election year. Elmer and I had to wait months for the second test-run of our creation.

But when the selling campaign finally started, all our work and worry paid off. Hundreds of editors saw Elmer's hilarious drawings and my less-than-hilarious copy as something new in comic strips and our feature was launched in 1936 with a gratifying list of client papers.

Hollywood saw a possible animated cartoon star in Wahoo and Elmer and I went west to learn if the Chief could jump from the printed page to the silver screen. The Santa Fe railroad made promotion advertising out of the fact that the creators of an Indian hero were passengers on the Super-Chief. Wog and I seldom met afterward that we didn't recall the gourmet dinner served to us, compliments of the Chief. But M-G-M bought the *Katzenjammers* instead of *Wahoo* and we came home dejected.

In the early '40s, comic pages underwent a radical change. Story strips were more in demand than gag strips. So Elmer and I decided to follow the trend. I wasn't unwilling: having written fiction, I felt that continuity would be easier to write than a daily joke. But Wog was a comic artist, not an illustrator. So shifting the pattern would mean using a different artist, one with training in serious illustration. Wog stepped aside uncomplainingly as a succession of such men took over his drawing-board.

Poor little Wahoo had to be sacrificed, too. One couldn't tell a realistic serious story about a sawed-off Seminole who seldom took off his mammoth sombrero, even sleeping in it. Our solution was to have a magazine photographer, Steve Roper, parachute onto the reservation—and plots started happening.

Predictably, Roper soon started courting Minnie-Ha-Cha. To our surprise, we began receiving angry letters from readers in

the Southwest, charging us with condoning miscegenation. We brought the courtship sequence to an abrupt end and Wahoo got his girl back. I assume that the gorgeous Minnie is today a fat squaw, Wahoo's tepee-keeper and mother of numerous pretty papooses.

Some readers—the Marlon Brandos of the period—found other reasons to fault us. They charged us with lampooning the Red man, showing him as lazy and stupid. I find this surprising, as a number of excellent and popular strips unflattering to Indians are on the market today and their creators tell me they have never received a pan letter.

The response to Steve Roper's adventures was gratifying and we soon substituted his name for Wahoo's as the strip's title. Ironically, Steve was to face strong competition himself several years later. When we added Mike Nomad, a likeable anti-hero, to the cast he proved to be more popular than our original leading-man, and Roper had to share billing with him in the title.

When working at home proved impractical, we had rented a suite of offices in a decrepit building across the street from the *News-Bee* for our staff. The word "staff" is not an exaggeration. It takes many more hands to draw a strip than to write it and Wog had added to our team his brother Bill; a former WPA artist named Don Dean; and Paul McCarthy, son of a barber in my Hoosier home town. It soon became apparent, however, that our income did not justify our payroll and we trimmed our staff. Bill found a lucrative life in California doing commercial comic books starring Katy Keene. Paul went to New York and prospered. Don stayed with us until he sold a strip of his own, *Cranberry Boggs*, a New England version of *Li'l Abner*. He was succeeded by Pete Hoffman, who likewise left us to do his own strip, *Jeff Cobb*, a fairly successful serial about a newspaper reporter. Today our strip is drawn by William Overgard, an illustrator with a distinctive style and the author of two published novels as well as the scenarios for a number of television plays.

Woggon moved to Ft. Lauderdale many years ago but continued to letter the strip until his death in 1977. I miss our long and happy association.

One of Publisher's Syndicate's early successes was a feature entitled *Apple Mary*. It was created by Martha Orr, niece of the *Chicago Tribune*'s political cartoonist, Carey Orr, and was the sales sensation of the early '30s. Inspired, I suspect, by a movie starring May Robson, *Lady for a Day*, Miss Orr's version had as its title character a dumpy, belligerent old lady who survived the Great Depression by selling apples on the street.

The strip, which has been given the dubious honor of inventing soap opera, dealt with sneering villains, foreclosed mortgages, and the tribulations of a crippled grandson, Dennie. It had slipped in the ratings after seven years, possibly because the Depression was by then only an unpleasant memory, but Mary was still pushing her apple-cart. The creator had married well and, expecting a baby, wanted to abandon her drawing-board.

When Harold Anderson of Publishers Syndicate phoned me and asked me to write it until a permanent replacement for Miss Orr could be found, I was not enthusiastic. "I can't even read it," I demurred, "let alone write it." But, as the *News-Bee* had expired and I no longer had to grind out a column every day on activities in the entertainment world, time was hanging heavy on my hands. So I agreed to try continuing the history of the pugnacious Mrs. Worth.

Dale Conner, a superb artist, especially in depicting members of her own sex, had been doing the pencil sketches for the strip's creator to ink in, and she stayed with me and did all the drawing, with Ruth Belew, a retired ballet dancer, doing the lettering. (Like Elmer Woggon, Ruth died in Florida a few years ago.)

Laboring over the continuity, I chanced upon a happy idea one day. Instead of treacly melodrama, why not try to do stories of the sort that were used in popular magazines for women? No current story strip dealt with romance and psychological drama instead of action. All central characters were macho men, soldiers of fortune, detectives, or aviators.

To test the idea of a story about characters with which women readers could better identify, I wrote a sequence in which a passenger plane made a forced landing in a meadow. Conve-

Collection of Rick Marschall

TARRY A WHILE, WAHOO! I WISH TO VERIFY MY WEIGHT AFTER THAT HEARTY LUNCH!
HMM—220 POUNDS! OBVIOUSLY THESE SCALES ARE GROSSLY INACCURATE!
LOOK GUSTO, LITTLE CARD FELL OUT—WHAT IT SAY?
"YOU ARE A WIND BAG WHO CHISELS HIS WAY THROUGH LIFE—YOU ARE SELF-CENTERED"— GAD! OF ALL THE EFFRONTERY!
MEBBE YOU SHOULDN'T PUT UM SLUG IN, HUH?
HA! HA! HOW STUPID OF ME! I HAD THIS HEAVY COAT ON— GIVE ME ANOTHER COIN, CHIEF!
OKAY!
209 POUNDS! NOW FOR MY CHARACTER READING—"YOU ARE A SHIFTLESS SILVER-TONGUED SCOUNDREL! YOU ARE AN IDLE DREAMER, ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS!"
BAH!
I'M NOT GETTING A CORRECT WEIGHT YET!— HERE! HOLD THESE!
UGH! PUT IN TWO BITS— MEBBE IT SAY SUMPIN' NICE!
HA! 200 POUNDS!
LET'S SEE NOW—"YOU ARE A WEAK WILLED FOUR-FLUSHING INDIVIDUAL WHO LIVES ONLY TO EAT!" —SUCH TWADDLE!
ZOUNDS! MY PATIENCE WANES! NOW WE SHALL SEE!!
NOW THEN— THE CARD!
EEEK!
LET'S SEE—"YOU ARE A SPINELESS CAD—A DECEIVER OF"—EEOW! FAKE!
FAKE!
C'MON, FATTY, BETTER BRING YOUR FANS, TOO!
—"STRIP TEASE ON A PUBLIC THOROUGHFARE?" RIDICULOUS, YOUR HONOR!
10 DAYS FOR YOU AND YOUR ACCOMPLICE! —NEXT CASE!
PHEW! I'LL WAGER I'VE LOST 10 POUNDS SINCE THIS MORNING —I JUST WONDER—
SHUTTUM TRA OR WAHOO TE YOU SUMPIN MACHINE FORBE

niently, Mary Worth lived nearby at the time. One of the passengers to whom kindly Mary gave shelter was Leona Stockpool, the daughter, naturally, of a Wall Street stockbroker. (We used names in those days which, corny or not, fitted the character.) Readers apparently liked Leona; they followed with interest a story in which her father engaged Mary to help him cope with the spoiled, headstrong Leona. Anderson was quick to realize that something new in serial strips had appeared. He urged that future stories follow the pattern and lovely Leona soon married a candidate for governor, which gave an opportunity to deal with politics as well as, later, other subjects more relevant to current society than mere Depressions. Within months, many newspapers that had dropped Mary, as well as a gratifying number of new ones, put her on their comic pages.

Just when our new policy was showing signs of making Mary profitable again, Dale Conner abruptly quit drawing her to do a strip with hew new husband, a professional writer. Together they turned out two features which, unfortunately, failed to survive. Like Woggon's *Skylark*, one was about aviators and again like Wog's feature, it may have crashed because neither Dale nor her husband, Herb, was well-grounded, so to speak, in the business of flying.

We tried desparately to find a replacement as good as Dale . . . with no success. Finally, Anderson and I went to New York, where we interviewed a dozen artists from that area and looked at their work. Not one even approached Dale in talent. Than a package of drawings arrived in the mail. We opened the package and shouted, "Eureka!" In some respects, these surpassed Dale's excellent work. We looked at the address, hoping the artist didn't live in California, or Alaska. He didn't. His home was Chicago, so we immediately took a train back to the city we had so recently left. There we met Ken Ernst, a surprisingly youthful chap who was a professional magician but illustrated comic books as a sideline when pulling bunnies out of hats failed to provide food for his family. (Like me, Ken has two sons and two daughters, which may have contributed to our immediate empathy.)

We invited Ken aboard. His acceptance marked the start of an association that has lasted for more than 40 years. I hope it has been as enjoyable for Ken as it has for me.

Although Ken later moved to California and now lives in Oregon, we have worked closely together, with mutual concern for the quality of *Mary Worth*. We would confer on copy at least once a week by long-distance telephone or mail; he flies to Toledo occasionally for an in-person discussion of present and future continuity. His judgment on plots has always been excellent and his reactions to the crude "roughs" I always sent were tolerant and helpful. I am sure his contribution in ways other than drawing has had much to do with Mary's acceptance.

Soon after our team took over, we changed the name of the strip to *Mary Worth's Family*. Later it took on its present title, *Mary Worth*. In her new role, the old street merchant obviously was not usable. So Ken gave her a beauty treatment, some weight loss and a more appropriate wardrobe, always keeping alert to fashion's vagaries. We put her applecart in storage, where it will remain, even in the event of another economic slump. Our Mary has more timely things to do than peddle pippins.

The Chief with Minnie-Ha-Cha.

1943 JUS' ROUND UM CORNER, MINNIE, WAHOO GONNA RESOLVE TO BE GOOD AMERICAN INJUN CHIEF AN' BUY MORE WAR BONDS--GONNA TOP UM TEN PER CENT!
I ADMIRE YOU, WAHOO!

After I became comics editor of Publishers Syndicate, I was given another chance to play "strip doctor." Again came a call from Conley's astute partner, Harold Anderson. Help was needed on another of the firm's early successes, *Dan Dunn*.

Dan Dunn, written and drawn by Norman Marsh, was a pioneer in the field of picturized detective stories. Marsh had had a bitter argument with the syndicate partners, Andy told me, and had stormed out of the office slamming the door so hard he shattered the glass. Would I run up and continue the life of this *Dick Tracy* rival until a permanent replacement could be found? I took the next train to Chicago and soon was seated at a desk on which were a sandwich for lunch and proofs of the sequence Marsh has written before his temper tantrum.

I studied the proof sheets for an hour, smoking, munching the sandwich, and found myself as baffled as newspaper readers were intended to be. My groping imagination could find no solution for the mystery Marsh had introduced. When I was about to give up, the postman dropped a package on the desk. It contained two more weeks Marsh had mailed before his walkout. I was able to continue the story and start one of my own . . . one built around a mystery to which I *knew* the solution.

Eventually, to avoid possible steps by Marsh to recover his abandoned property, it was decided to substitute in client papers an entirely new strip, *Kerry Drake*. In 1943, this step was taken, with the loss of very few papers. As an artist partner, I was teamed with Alfred Andriola, a Greenwich Village resident who had done a strip version of Earl Derr Biggers's *Charlie Chan*, a short-lived feature.

The partnership was not as pleasant as that with Ken Ernst has been. Andriola demanded credit for the writing as well as the art work and in all publicity identified himself as the sole creator of *Drake*. We differed often on plots and dialogue, exchanging argumentative letters or wrangling over the phone. He shrieked threats of "legal action" when I asked for credit on the television pilot, saying, "My own mother doesn't know I don't write it."

So, when failing health forced me a few years ago to cut down my workload (I was writing three strips at the time), I was not sorry. Trading income for more peace of mind is never a bad bargain, and I dropped writing *Kerry Drake*.

Andriola took it up, with all artwork done by a Turkish artist, Sururi Gumen, who had done much, or perhaps all, of the drawing during my partnership with Andriola. The writing became good; perhaps Andriola's insistence that he needed no collaborator was justified. But how it must have galled him to share the by-line with Mr. Gumen!

Writers on the subject of comics these days are prone to predict, mistakenly, I hope, the ultimate demise of the story strip. This raises a mental question: Will *Mary Worth* survive, or will all continuity strips disappear, to make room on newspaper pages for humor?

Some years ago I contributed a chapter on "Mary Worth and the Affluent Society" to a book titled *The Funnies: An American Idiom* by David Manning White and Robert H. Abel. In the concluding paragraphs of the article, I ventured a prediction on Mary's longevity:

"Given tolerant editors and enough loyal readers, it is conceivable that a popular actor in these plays for paper people might achieve near immortality and go right on appearing as long as printing presses turn out their daily grist.

"Thus we might imagine some reader in the infinitely distant future finding *his* society reflected in a 13-week serial.

"There is this astronaut, see? He has been assigned to the Earth-Saturn run and the round trip takes 65-years. But because of the relativity factor, he ages, by the mundane calendar, only five years in transit and returns to earth still a youth. His fiancee, however, is a wrinkled old crone when he gets home. He is a man of decent instincts and sturdily rejects the urge to break his long engagement, even though there is a neat and nubile little stewardess on his rocket ship, a girl of his own current age, and they have fallen in love. So he has quite a problem. Then a nice old lady, name of Worth, arrives in town to visit her great-great-great-great-grandson . . . . . "

HAL FOSTER
AND COTH IS MAGNIFICENT! ONE AFTER ANOTHER THE WEARERS OF THE WHITE EMBLEM FALL BENEATH HIS AWFUL STROKES. BUT PRINCE VALIANT NOTES THAT MOST OF HIS VICTIMS ARE STRUCK FROM BEHIND WHILE FACING ANOTHER OPPONENT!
NEXT WEEK- Kerwin's Ordeal.
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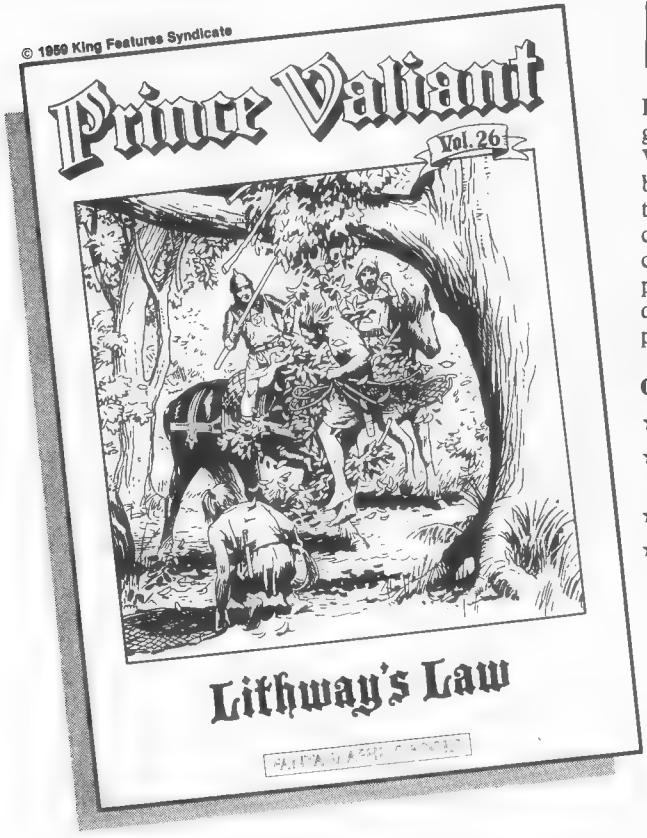

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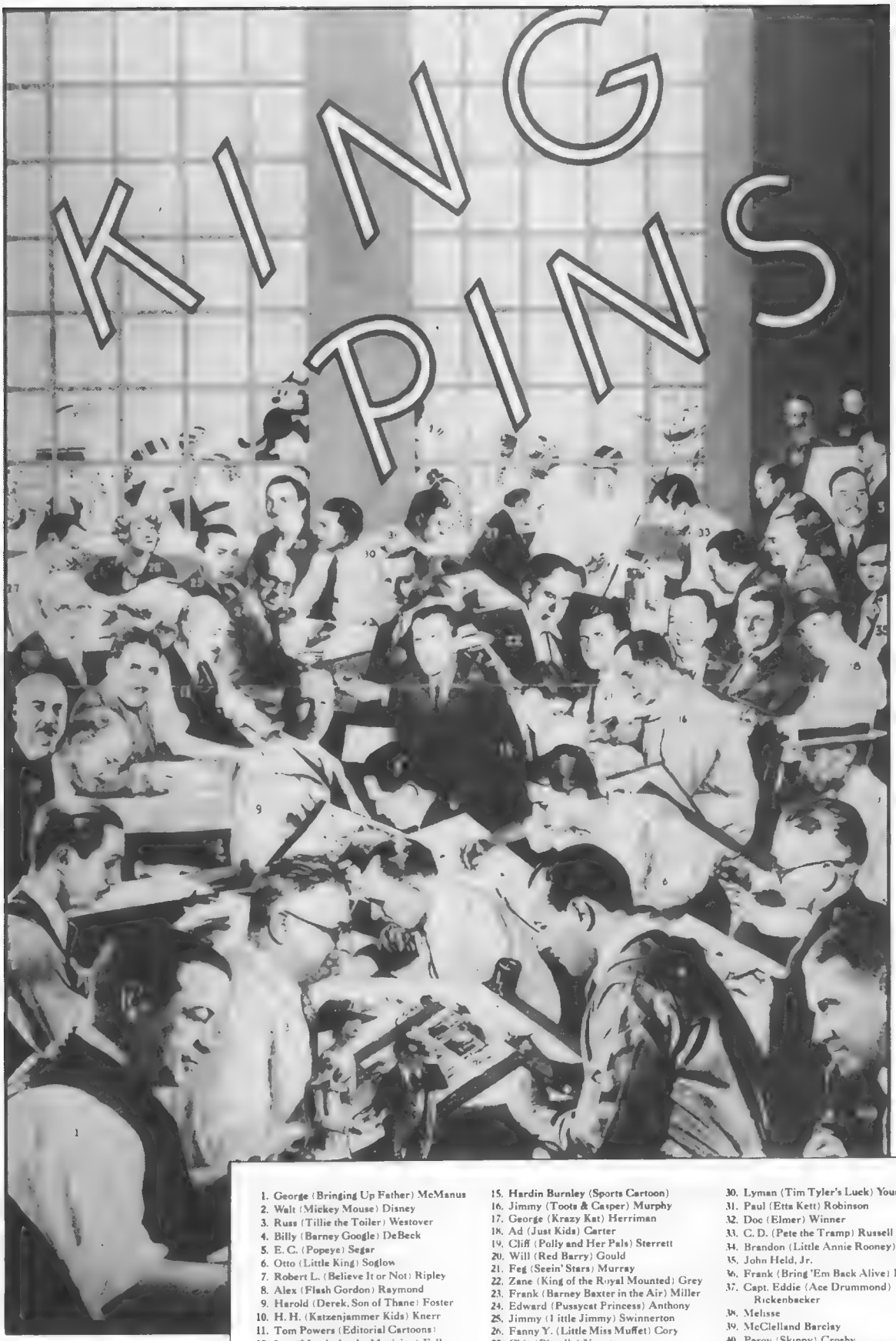


From the collection of Rick Marschall

1. George (Bringing Up Father) McManus
2. Walt (Mickey Mouse) Disney
3. Russ (Tillie the Toiler) Westover
4. Billy (Barney Google) DeBeck
5. E. C. (Popeye) Segar
6. Otto (Little King) Soglow
7. Robert L. (Believe It or Not) Ripley
8. Alex (Flash Gordon) Raymond
9. Harold (Derek, Son of Thane) Foster
10. H. H. (Katzenjammer Kids) Knerr
11. Tom Powers (Editorial Cartoons)
12. Lee (Mandrake the Magician) Falk
13. Clive Weed
14. Gene (Judge Puffle) Ahern
15. Hardin Burnley (Sports Cartoon)
16. Jimmy (Toots & Casper) Murphy
17. George (Krazy Kat) Herriman
18. Ad (Just Kids) Carter
19. Cliff (Polly and Her Pals) Sterrett
20. Will (Red Barry) Gould
21. Feg (Seein' Stars) Murray
22. Zane (King of the Royal Mounted) Grey
23. Frank (Barney Baxter in the Air) Miller
24. Edward (Pussycat Princess) Anthony
25. Jimmy (Little Jimmy) Swinnerton
26. Fanny Y. (Little Miss Muffet) Cory
27. Chic (Blondie) Young
28. Nell Brinkley
29. Darrell McClure
30. Lyman (Tim Tyler's Luck) Young
31. Paul (Etta Kett) Robinson
32. Doc (Elmer) Winner
33. C. D. (Pete the Tramp) Russell
34. Brandon (Little Annie Rooney) Walsh
35. John Held, Jr.
36. Frank (Bring 'Em Back Alive) Buck
37. Capt. Eddie (Ace Drummond) Rickenbacker
38. Melisse
39. McClelland Barclay
40. Percy (Skippy) Crosby
41. Jack (Home Sweet Home) Callahan
42. Louis (King Art Supervisor) Biedermann

OLD HOME WEEK — No, this is not a photo of a typical afternoon in the King Features bullpen of the '30s, the setting of Martin Sheridan's article. Rather, it's a piece of KFS promotion picturing their major comic-strip stars of 1936. Note (No. 9) the working title of *Prince Valiant*. The pencil sketches on the following pages are by Charlie McManus; the cartoonist on page 55 is Russ Westover.

A Ghost Remembers

Life In The King Features Bullpen In The 1930s

by Martin Sheridan

Way back in the '30s, assistants to comic strip artists, like the writers for radio comedians, were of the "closet" variety—anonymous, unrecognized, and underpaid (or so we thought). Nobody talked about assistants . . . the usually talented chaps who did at least some of the inking and all of the lettering, taking a big load off the shoulders of the creator of the comic.

How did one become an assistant to a famous syndicated comic-stip artist? It really wasn't a big deal in my case because I had absolutely no drawing experience, no lettering capability, and little knowledge, in those days, of the comic-strip and newspaper syndication business.

Nevertheless, despite this complete lack of cartooning know-how, I was able to land a job in 1936 as assistant to Russ Westover, the creator of *Tillie The Toiler*, one of the most popular "girl strips" of the day. (One of my predecessors had been the highly capable Alex Raymond, a neighbor of Westover who later drew *Secret Agent X-9* and *Flash Gordon* at King Features before joining the U.S. Marines in World War II. His brother, Jim Raymond, was assistant to Chic Young on *Blondie* for many years.)

It all began when I was an autograph-collecting young teenager living in Rhode Island. Among the prominent persons in cartooning to whom I had written for autographs were Russ Westover, Milt Gross, Bob Brinkerhoff (*Little Mary Mixup*), Gluyas Williams, and Bud Fisher (*Mutt and Jeff*). Westover's reply was on the letterhead of the Roosevelt Camp on Lake Champlain and was dated August 5, 1930.

Apparently I had also written him a few weeks later and his second reply invited me to stop by to see him if I should ever happen to be in the vicinity of New Rochelle, where he lived.

Little did he know that shortly after I was 16 years old and obtained my driver's license, I also bought a used 1927 Chevrolet sedan for $175, and planned my first solo trip to New York and Washington to call on famous persons. I was gutsy and curious and wanted to meet these men and women to discuss their work and achievements. I wrote Russ Westover again, asking for an appointment to see him during that trip. He sent me a telegram with an OK for a certain date. I also wrote the then Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, Charles Evans Hughes, for an appointment because he was a graduate of Brown University located in Providence, where I lived. And I made a third appointment to see Natalie Sumner Lincoln, an author of mysteries who lived in Washington.

There weren't any high-speed interstate highways in 1930. Gas was only 15¢ per gallon served from gravity pumps, and you had to drive through every city and town to reach your destination.

I don't recall everything that transpired during my first meeting with Russ Westover, but we had a chat in the upstairs studio where he drew Tillie and Mac when he wasn't working at the King Features' office in Manhattan. When I left for the drive to and through New York City Russ gave me a large red apple—which was the first time that big city had the connotation of Big Apple to me.

A few years later I was living in New York, trying to get a job during the depths of The Great Depression. I managed to get a couple of weeks' work at the Milton Blackstone publicity firm in the RCA Building. One of my duties was to deliver press releases to the newspapers and syndicates, and one of my stops was at the old Daily Mirror building at 235 East 45th Street, which I recalled was the headquarters of the King Features Syndicate (and still is).

A bell sounded in my head and a light flashed overhead—just like they do in comics—and I detoured to the KFS reception desk where I inquired after Russ Westover. He was on another floor, I was told, so I went up and found him working in the city that day. He remembered me and was congenial, as usual. I told him I was looking for a job since finding it necessary to drop out of college.

"I'm trying to get ahead with my work," Russ stated after deliberating a few moments, "so I can take a real vacation to the West Coast. I plan to take the steamship from New York along the Atlantic and Caribbean coasts down to the Panama Canal, through the Canal then north to San Francisco. Maybe we can work something out."

Russ didn't ask me if I could draw, which I would have considered a key requirement. He said the job would entail using a big gum eraser to remove the penciled-in roughs after his inking, and drawing straight lines of buildings and such with a ruler. We would divide our time between New Rochelle and Manhattan, and try to double the usual number of daily strips to enable him to come up with six weeks' work in advance, and from nine to 12 weeks for the Sunday pages, so he could vacation without having to think of deadlines and not be required to do any work during his holiday.

My compensation was to be a munificent $10 per week. I accepted. This amount was both gross and net—there wasn't any Social Security in those days nor was there income-tax withholding. The ten bucks was all mine—completely.

I really didn't contribute very much to *Tillie The Toiler*, other than cleaning up the art boards, checking the spelling, and putting in a few (mighty few) straight lines. Occasionally I'd ink in a couple of birds in the sky or show smoke swirling skyward from a chimney, to prove that I had some "artistic" talent.

Nonetheless, I handed Russ a short note at the end of my second week, advising him that I needed more than the $10 I was receiving for my labor. I must have been doing pretty well because I received a 25% increase to $12.50 per week. This enabled me to go out on double dates with Jim Raymond and two sisters who lived in New Rochelle.

One of the most important fringe-benefits as an assistant was getting to meet some of the other KFS notables. Chic Young would come up from Florida periodically and spend a few days in the large sooty office in which Russ and I worked. George McManus also put in time at his drawing board in the same office, with his brother, Charlie, appearing occasionally to peruse the race-track sheets and place bets by phone with his bookie, then turn out humorous pencil sketches of some of the unusual characters who would drop into our office from time to time. Therein lies a story.

Someone told me that Charlie McManus didn't have to work during his lifetime; I don't remember at this late date who disclosed what purported to be the inside story. I was told that

after George had signed with King Features to do *Bringing Up Father*, Charlie came up with another strip bearing a different title, but featuring the same Maggie and Jiggs type of characters. According to the story, KFS didn't want two strips on the market—a la *The Katzenjammer Kids* and *The Captain And The Kids*—and made a handsome deal with Charlie McManus to keep his brainchild off the market and on the shelf.

Charlie was the spittin', smaller image of brother George. Each was the counterpart of Jiggs—jovial, pink-cheeked and Irish in appearance—and a sharp dresser. Charlie was always telling gags to Russ and me. If we didn't laugh hard enough he'd get up from his chair at the drawing board behind us and walk over to repeat the story, watch our expressions and hope for a better reception.

Charlie could draw quite well as a caricaturist. He was forever portraying some of the different characters who would stop in our office practically every day to bother us—the Jewish tie-and-sock salesman with a thick accent; the guy who'd sleep off his three lunchtime martinis in one of our chairs; the scrounger who'd borrow drawing paper, India ink and pens, and then use the phone for a couple of long distance calls, all free of charge.

HERE IS ANOTHER GUY WHO COMES IN TO ANNOY US- HE THINKS HE OUGHT TO BE A TOP LINER.
HE PRACTISES IN A BACK YARD PRIVY AND DOES HE STINK — PHOOEY-
WHEN
HE DOES THIS, HE REMINDS YOU OF A GUY RUNNING TO SHELTER WHEN SEA GULLS ARE FLYING ABOVE HIM.

Curiously, Charlie McManus never signed any of his sketches. I don't know why, but perhaps that might have been due to his agreement with King Features. I still have a collection of 25 drawings which we used to pin up on the office wall.

Bob Dunn was a KFS house artist during my six months with Westover, doing some ghosting for Milt Gross after he left *The New York World*. Dick Hyman (writer on the *That's The Law* feature) was doing publicity at the syndicate and Joe Willicombe, Jr., was also on the staff.

About midway through my Westover stint I requested (and received) another big pay boost to a whopping $15 a week. I didn't provide any more art assistance but I did discuss continuity with Russ and even replied to his fan mail, duplicating his signature.

In one sequence, Tillie had fallen for a sleek dark-haired moustachioed chap. I suggested that Russ follow a new story line featuring little Mac, Tillie's ever-hopeful pursuer, trying to grow a moustache to get in her good graces.

These stories would run about 5 to 6 weeks in the dailies. I would put in Mac's moustache in the panels. But one day I slipped up and the editors didn't catch my goof. A New Orleans reader was the first to discover my error and wrote, "I am reading the Ticklish Business continuity running now but I believe it should be Vanishing Business instead. Why I say this is because in the first two squares of the enclosed cartoon Mac has a long moustache and in the last two he hasn't any at all. If he had left the room I would have sworn that he had shaved it off."

In another storyline to which I had made a small contribution, Mac made a bet with one of Tillie's good-looking boy friends that he could spend 30 days on an isolated island and survive by eating wild berries and fish that he might be able to catch. A knife was his only tool and he had to build his own shelter. We had a lot of fun with that continuity.

I'll never forget another experience I had one morning when I was alone in the KFS office. I met Ad Carter (*Just Kids*) for the first time when he came in from out of town for one of his infrequent visits to to the syndicate. It was only 10 a.m. and I was just 22 years old, but I tagged along with Carter when he invited me to have a drink with him at the Palm Restaurant around the corner from the Mirror building on Second Avenue. I'm not a morning drinker—he was—and was with him for a couple of hours before I was able to tear myself away and return to the office somewhat the worse for wear.

While on the subject of drinking, I should mention that whenever Russ Westover and I worked in New York we'd stop at the Grand Central Bar for a drink before he caught the commuter train to New Rochelle. Invariably he'd say, "You're having beer, aren't you, Marty?" and I'd reply "Yes," while he ordered his usual Scotch and water. One time Russ must have been extremely preoccupied because he mistakenly asked, "What'll you have, Marty?" and I came up real fast with a new answer, "Scotch and water, please." Russ looked at me and raised an eyebrow but put through my order without comment.

During those interesting days I became acquainted with other cartoonists such as Ernie Bushmiller, Bob Brinkerhoff, and H.T. Webster, who shared an office in the Chrysler Building. I was always impressed with Brinkerhoff, who drew *Little Mary Mixup* and was also an illustrator who wore an artist's smock. We'd have lunch together on occasion and I felt it a great privilege to be able to sit in with those top cartoonists.

Other companions were Gus Edson (who inherited *The Gumps* when Sidney Smith was killed in an auto crash); Loy Byrnes (*Spunkie*); Zack Mosley (*Smilin' Jack*); Bill Holman (*Smokey Stover*); Walter Berndt (*Smitty*); Carl Ed (*Harold Teen*); Milt Caniff (*Terry*); Al Andriola (*Charlie Chan*); Ed Wheelan (*Minute Movies*); Martin Branner (*Winnie Winkle*); Al Capp (*Li'l Abner*) and Ham Fisher (*Joe Palooka*).

I did some publicity and idea work for Branner's *Winnie Winkle*. Loy Byrnes became one of my closest friends. Gus Edson and Ernie Bushmiller and their wives used to visit me at home in New Rochelle in later years.

Speaking of Al Capp and Ham Fisher brings to mind one of the great feuds to which I was a neutral observer since I was a friend of each cartoonist. Ham was the bitter one who had accused Al of lifting some of his hillbilly ideas when he was working as an assistant on *Joe Palooka*.

I'll never forget the Sunday night in New York when I was having dinner with Ham Fisher at Sherman Billingsley's Stork Club. When we were finished and were leaving, Ham stopped by Walter Winchell's table and introduced me to the gossip columnist who had a popular weekly 15-minute slot over one of the radio networks. Winchell invited me to join him for the studio broadcast so I said good-night to Ham and tagged along with the newsman. In the tiny two-man studio I sat next to Winchell (always wearing his hat) and watched him operate the telegraph key for dots and dashes between his flash items.

During those weeks and months Russ managed to pull ahead little by little, with his daily strips and Sunday pages, even though it meant doubling up and turning out three or four strips a day, instead of two, and two Sunday pages instead of one.

Just a week before my "assistantship" was to end and Russ was scheduled to sail on his well-deserved vacation trip, he finally reached his goal of having six weeks of extra dailies and 12 Sunday pages in the Syndicate bank.

Russ and his wife held a shipboard party for some of their close friends before sailing; Hearst columnist Arthur Brisbane, humorist Arthur "Bugs" Bear, and Joe Connolly, president of

King Features, were there, among others. I was present, too, because I had been enlisted (meaning: ordered) to help mix drinks at the party. I received my final pay check aboard ship, plus a $1 bonus.

That six-month stint as assistant to Russ Westover didn't leave me rolling in wealth, but it was an unforgettable experience that gave me many entrees to the comic strip field, and helped to launch me in the newspaper profession.

Before cutting loose from Russ Westover, I had discussed with him my next goal, to obtain a job in the editorial department of a newspaper. He put on his thinking cap and gave me a strong introductory letter to John White at Hearst General Management.

A few days later, armed with the letter, I called on Mr. White by appointment and was surprised to find that he was confined to a wheelchair, which didn't, however, prevent him from putting in a full day at his office. "I see you are from New England," White noted after reading the letter. "By coincidence, I've just received a call from Jack Malloy, managing editor of the *Boston American* who is looking for a good writer. Would you be interested in going up there?"

"Of course," I quickly replied. "That's my favorite part of the country."

"Very well," said the Hearst executive. "Call me tomorrow after I've had an opportunity to talk to Jack Malloy about you."

And that's how I became a reporter/feature writer on the *American* with a big pay increase to $25 a week. I shared a walk-up apartment on Beacon Hill with one of my college roommates, E. Harold Dick, for $25 a month. Unfortunately, my stay on the paper was short-lived, only two months. Not that I wasn't doing well. I received my first by-line a couple of weeks after joining the American.

During my time on the newspaper I started a series of articles on individual comic strips for *The Quill*, the monthly publication of the Sigma Delta Chi journalism fraternity. My only compensation for these pieces was copies of the issues in which they appeared.

One day I happened to wonder if anyone had ever written a book on the comics—how the strips were created and how their creators worked. My library research was unable to find any reference to such a book so I decided to write one, using the *Quill* articles as the basis for the first few chapters, with minor revisions.

I expanded the contents to include what I considered were the most popular and interesting strips, plus some background on the comic-strip field. Instead of illustrating the chapters with photographs of the artists I asked them to make self-caricatures.

I asked the essayist (and later actor) Charles Hanson Towne to write a preface to the book, and obtained an introduction from Neal O'Hara, a syndicated Boston columnist.

There was an inordinate amount of work involved. In addition to the writing, I had to assemble original strips and proofs to help illustrate the book and obtain permission from all the syndicates to publish the art. When my draft was polished I retyped the pages, then prepared a list of the book publishers whom I thought might be interested in including such a book in its catalog. One of the early titles I had dreamed up was *Being Funny Is a Serious Business*, which I had used earlier on one of the magazine articles.

GEE! KIN I STAY FER EIGHT HOURS AN' WATCH YOU DRAW PITCHERS—
THIS GUY'S NOSE IS RUNNING- HE HAS THE SNIFFLES, WATCH OUT BELOW!
I SUPPOSE SO—
HO HUM.
THIS GUY IS BAD ENOUGH BUT THE ARTIST- OH WELL—

The next step was to package the 200-plus-pages and a covering letter in a typing paper box and send it off to the publishers for a reading. Once, twice, three times the book went out and was subsequently returned. The rejection count increased to 25, 26, 27 and 28 without an acceptance—not even a nibble.

After a breather during which I retyped the dog-eared pages (you'd be amazed at the carelessness of some publishers in handling copy), I decided to turn over the manuscript to Mary R. Walsh, a Boston literary agent.

A few weeks later she notified me that Hale, Cushman & Flint, a small Boston publisher, had decided to change their minds; fantastic! Just six months earlier they had rejected the very same manuscript when I submitted it, which should serve as proof of how fickle and inconsistent a publisher can be.

The first 10 months of 1942 were good ones for me. I had sold my first article to *The Saturday Evening Post*, my freelance writing career was going well, and my brainchild, now titled *Comics And Their Creators*, finally was published.

I worked behind the scenes on publicity, assuming that newspapers would be agreeable to promoting the stories behind the comic strips which appeared in their own publication. And they were! We enjoyed a good press: a full page in *Newsweek*, big space including full pages in some Sunday newspapers, plus favorable reviews. Most libraries bought the book as a reference work, and the Providence Public Library reported that *Comics* was one of the most frequently stolen titles—because youngsters loved the funnies, as they used to call them. They reordered copies several times, according to Hale, Cushman & Flint.

The first printing sold out and a second "Wartime" edition was published in 1944 by Ralph T. Hale Company, successor to Hale, Cushman & Flint. After the second printing was exhausted, *Comics* continued out of print for many years while I freelanced, became a *Boston Globe* war correspondent, then moved into public relations, finally becoming a vice president of Admiral Corporation.

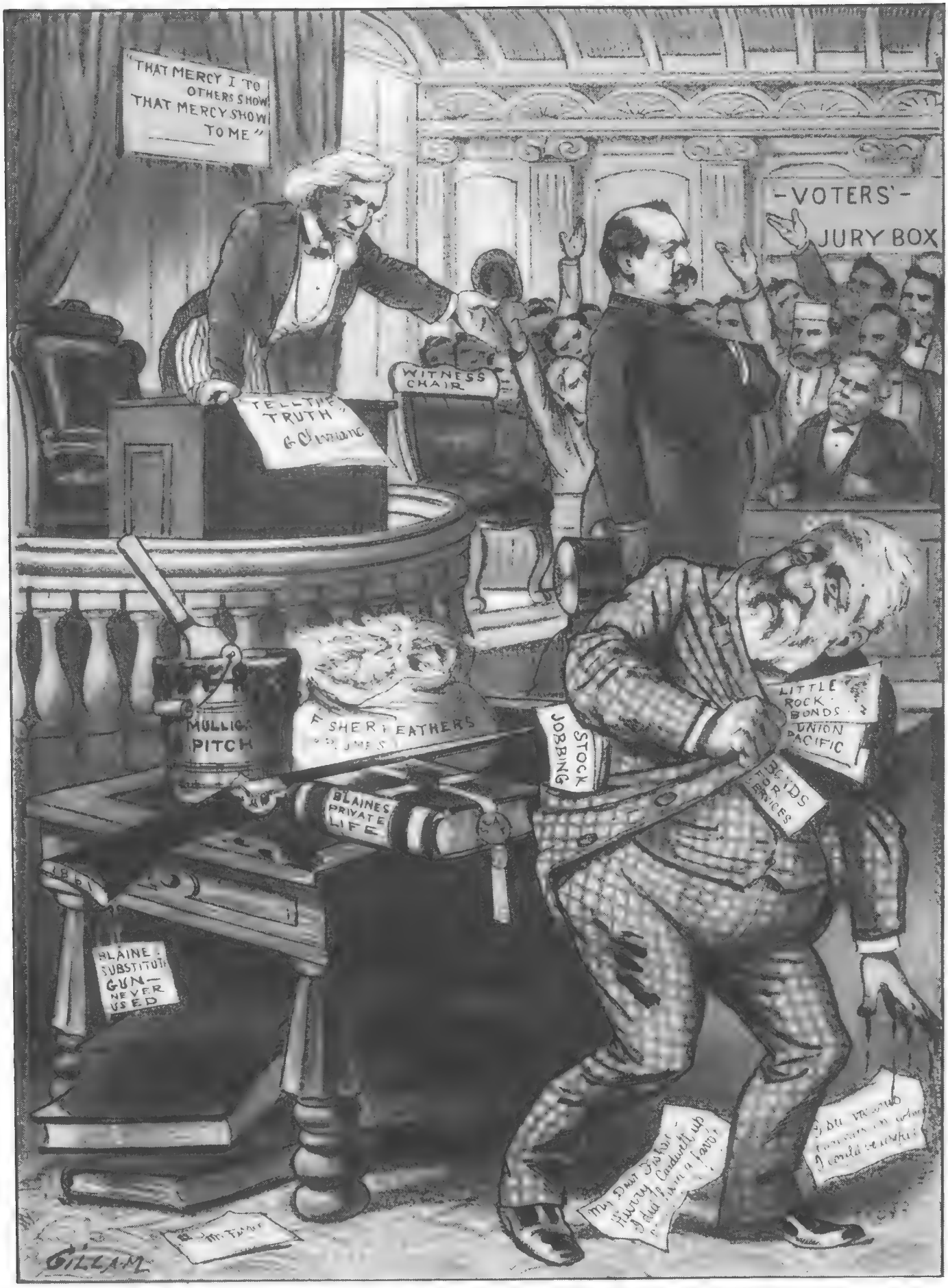
Meanwhile, other authors and publishers finally "discovered" the comic strip field as a bountiful source of subject matter. Scores of books on individual strips as well as comics in general came out to provide the comics with new respectability and much greater exposure to the public.

And later, fan editions of *Comics And Their Creators* were released, keeping it before the public.

While the royalty payment won't keep me in gin and vermouth, it will provide a few bottles of jumbo stuffed olives and toothpicks. However, it's heartening to know that a few persons are still interested in my book even after 40 years have passed.

Nobody has asked my for my personal opinions about the present-day comics, but I am going to offer some, although they will probably raise a few eyebrows and cause some consternation among newspaper publishers and comic strippers. I believe the comics have slipped in popularity and importance because newspapers have reduced their published size to the point where it is almost necessary to read some of them with a magnifying lens. Sunday pages also have been shrunk to squeeze in three features or more, on a page.

Furthermore, "comic strips" is a misnomer in the case of a large percentage of today's offerings. Many strips aren't funny and one has to ponder over them to recognize what the artist is trying to say or the point he is attempting to put across. ■



All cartoons from the collection of Rick Marschall

HE INSTITUTED THE ORDEAL — CAN HE STAND IT HIMSELF?

UNCLE SAM.— "We have heard from Mr. Cleveland. Now then, Mr. Blaine, ***you*** made this issue; it is your turn to step up and—***Tell the Truth!***"

One Century Ago:

The Dirtiest Presidential Campaign

by Richard Marschall

Eighteen Eighty-Four was a watershed year in both American politics and American political cartooning. Its Presidential Campaign was easily the vilest of any of our quadrennial circuses; politics has changed, presumably for the better. A lot of the invective has disappeared, but to many that was the real fun of the thing in the first place. American cartooning in 1884 was a young tradition with very few practitioners, but this campaign would bring it to maturity.

Neither presidential politics nor American political cartooning would be the same after 1884—the year of the the election decided by cartoons.

Political corruption seems to be the effluvia of progress. In almost every other area of American life, the Industrial Revolution had brought expansion and foresight; in politics the only innovations seemed to be toward more efficient ways to scheme and profit.

The period between the Civil War and World War I—1884 falls almost exactly half-way—was a turbulent time that saw a bloody fratricidal war, the expansion and closing of the frontier, unprecedented waves of immigrants, the assassinations of three presidents, and the transformation of American society from rural to urban and the American economy from agrarian to industrial. Our inherited images are of the *Gilded Age*—the indictment by Twain and Warner of the jerkwater, grasping nature of official Washington—of the Tweed ring in New York City, of the Election of 1876, when the Republicans literally stole the White House by forging electoral ballots.

It is useful to note the corrupt political background of the era. The Grand Old Party was still less than a generation Old in 1884, but had occupied the White House for a solid 23 years. It was entrenched in policy and patronage and, perhaps inevitably for a party grown powerful, was also rife with factionalism. The Stalwart faction (Roscoe Conklin, John Logan, et al.) had been united behind U.S. Grant, a pawn of their ambition; they sought for him a third term, and made a serious attempt for his nomination in the 1880 convention. The Half-Breeds were a bit more dignified, represented by Sen. John Sherman, and their alliance with such independents as James Baline denied Grant the 1880 nod. The compromise candidate was James Abram Garfield, a minor Half-Breed figure, and the Grant faction needed to save face to insure loyalty to the ticket. They insisted on choosing the running-mate, and—in a seeming gesture of insult—named the Collector of the New York Port, a glorified customs official, Chester A. Arthur.

Joseph Keppler illustrated the plight of the Democrat Party before the 1884 campaign: Prone to failure, it was inept and corrupt. Prominent Democrats, including (foreground) Samuel Tilden and Samuel Randall, are frustrated, while Republicans, including John Logan and John Sherman, laugh.

DEMOCRACY'S DISASTROUS EGG-DANCE.

Keppler illustrates the Republican Party's plight in '84.

MORE THAN SHE CAN CARRY.

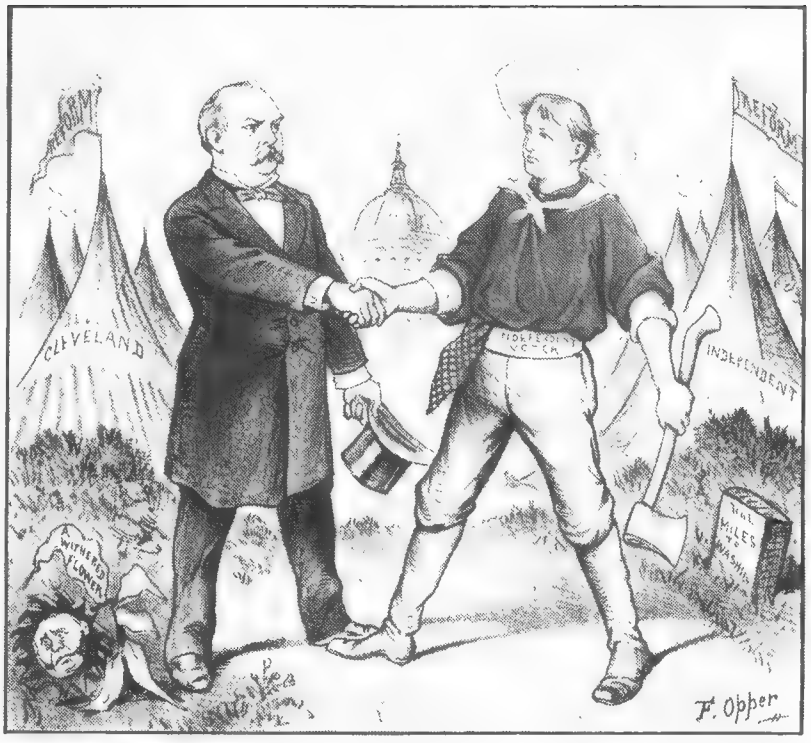
Garfield and Arthur won the campaign but in an act that couldn't have been choreographed more symbolically Garfield was soon murdered by a disappointed office-seeker: the spoils system at its most spoiled. That act, and the elevation of Arthur to the Presidency, caused revulsion amongst much of the public that had been content to view politics in an amused, detached fashion.

In 1884 the Republicans chose a candidate who seemed to Reformers to be the very manifestation of the pox they wished on both houses of the party's factions: James G. Blaine.

In certain ways Blaine can be seen as a foreshadowing of Richard Nixon. He had a statesmanlike capacity, and was indeed to serve two administrations ably as Secretary of State. He was a gifted orator and was politically resilient. His political acumen was flawed, however, by the ethics of a huckster, and he was remarkably clumsy when lying about his frequent exposed schemes. The accumulation of rotten misdeeds was finally outweighed in 1884 by political debts throughout the party and across the country.

Reformers breathed a sigh of disgust upon hearing the news of Blaine's nomination. Most of these good-government men (opponents derisively shortened the label to Goo-Goos) were Republicans, since the Democrat Party was, if anything, more venal. So many of these Republicans, including Carl Schurz, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and *Harper's Weekly* editor George William Curtis, declared themselves ready to support a Democrat . . . if the party would only nominate a "clean" candidate. Republicans promptly dubbed these traitors "Mugwumps."

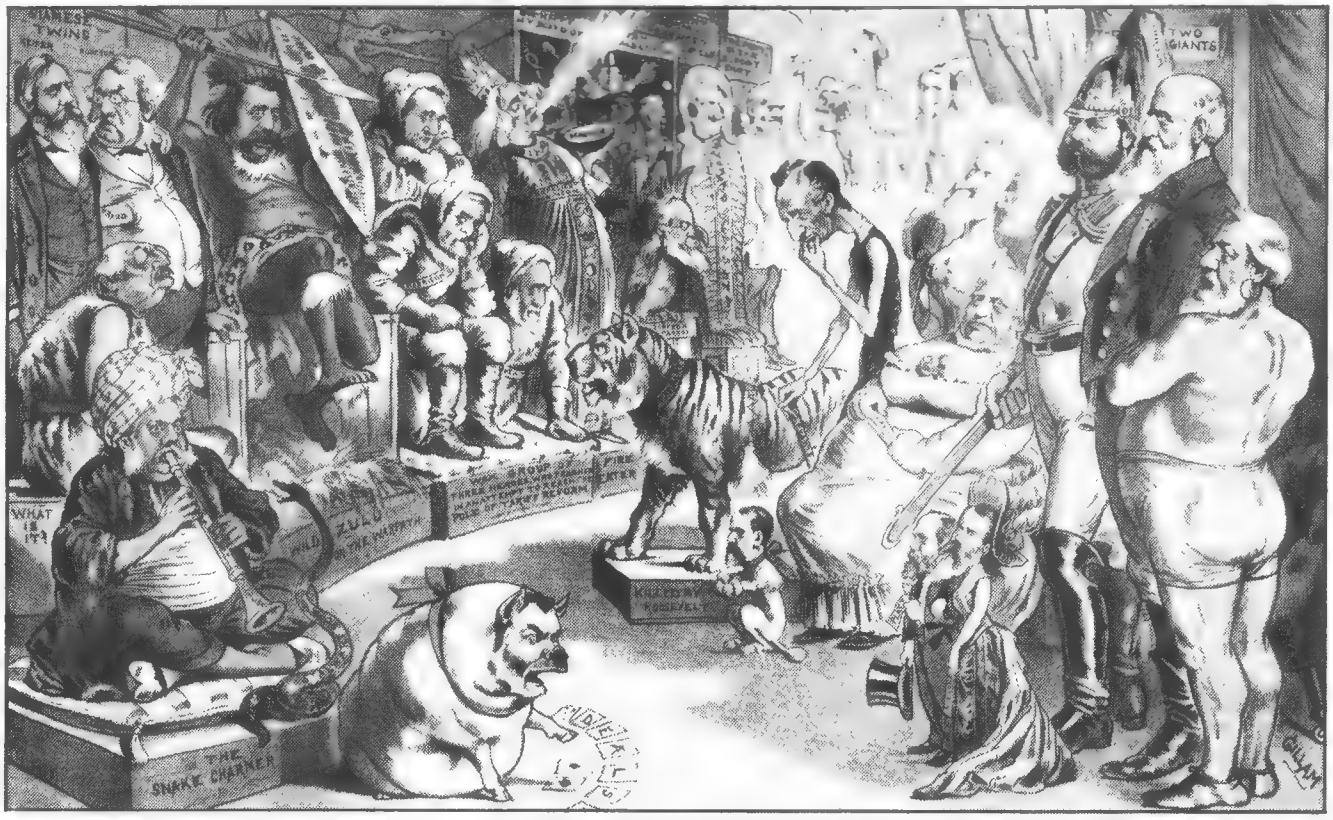
The Mugwumps actually had reason for hope. The public's sensitivity to corruption was at a high-water mark. Even Arthur had been chastened and was a reasonably decent president. Blaine was too much to swallow, and the Democrats were aware that they were facing an election that would be theirs to lose; they only had to avoid shooting themselves in the foot by nominating a crook of their own.



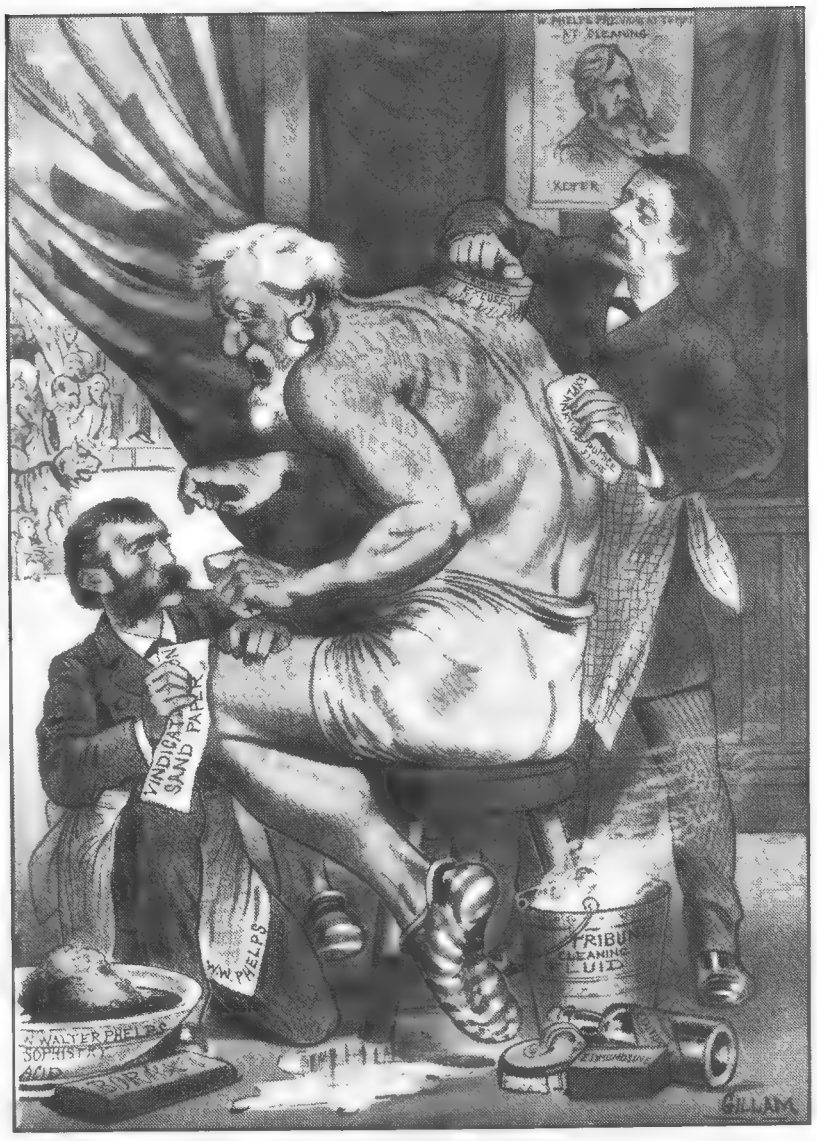
"A UNIT."

ABOVE, *Puck* sees Cleveland as the natural ally of its Independent New Party movement.

BELOW, Gillam's classic cartoon that inaugurated the Tattooed Man campaign.



THE NATIONAL DIME-MUSEUM—WILL BE RUN DURING THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.



"LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST."

The "Dime Museum" Cartoon is recalled in this Gillam cartoon wherein Blaine's managers attempt to eradicate the exposure of his sins.

OPPOSITE: One of the most famous—and most effective—political cartoons ever published. Blaine's magnetic pad was not only a reference to a popular quack remedy of the day; it was *Puck*'s parody on his vaunted personal magnetism. Among the Republicans looking on are, from right in the first row, G.W. Curtis of *Harper's Weekly*; Sen. William Evarts; Carl Schurz; and the young Theodore Roosevelt.

LOWER CARTOON: Keppler drew cartoons during the campaign depicting the Republicans as outright charlatans, and his skies were always apocalyptically turbulent. Looking on at left, behind the New Party character, is the symbol of Puck himself.

New York Governor Grover Cleveland was available. He had, however, two major obstacles: he was actively despised by almost every spoils-system politician he met—"We love him for the enemies he has made," said one nominator, staring at resentful Tammany henchmen—and his second drawback was that, two years previous, his highest elective offices had been Sheriff of Erie County, N.Y., and mayor of Buffalo. But he was a capable and crusading governor of New York, even as a freshman, and when they called him "ugly honest," it wasn't merely a nickname. He was ugly . . . and he was honest.

The Democrats did not shoot themselves in the foot. Cleveland was nominated for the presidency, and Reformers thought the Millenium had come.

The American cartoonist stepped into the breach at this juncture and, in retrospect at least, his advent was as inevitable at this time as a Reform Presidential Candidate. *Puck* magazine, a weekly journal of cartoons, humor, and politics, had become the chief vehicle for a new breed of cartoonists, but was by no means the only outlet.

There were *Puck*'s rivals, *Judge* and the *Wasp*; the black-and-white humor magazine *Life*; the *New York World*, which published front-page political cartoons; and the *New York Graphic*, the nation's first illustrated daily, often festooning its front page with cartoons. And of course there was Thomas Nast.

Nast, a Bavarian, was an artist and a Freedom Fighter with Garibaldi before coming to America. Drawing patriotic cartoons for *Harper's Weekly* during the Civil War, he was called by Lincoln "the North's greatest recruiting sergeant." By 1871 he was taking on the corrupt Tweed Ring in New York and refusing their $100,000 bribes to stop cartooning ("I don't care what the people read," Tweed complained about press exposes, "but, damn it, they can see pictures!"). In the next year he attacked Horace Greeley—Nast's blind spot was an unquestioning admiration for U.S. Grant—so savagely that the candidate's death shortly after the election was widely attributed as much to Nast's assaults as to any other factors.

But in 1884, Nast was a 20-year veteran, and his large woodcuts no longer startled the eye; the popular monthlies and the daily press now also used black-and-white artwork. But *Puck* had a novelty: bright, splashy colors. And they were on the front page, back page and big center-spread. The quarto magazine measured 10½ by 14 inches, and simply grabbed reader's attention. Even Currier and Ives prints did not compare with *Puck*'s circus-like brilliance.

The magazine had been founded in 1876 by Joseph Keppler, a Viennese who had failed to establish cartoon journals in Austria and St. Louis. Soon Keppler succeeded where he—and many others in America before him—had failed. *Puck* within a few years was firmly established, not only as a cartoon magazine, but as a journal of quality humor and verse and serious political commentary.

Keppler's cartooning talent as well as his publishing foresight was largely responsible for *Puck*'s success; his art was brilliant and devastating and dramatic (with good cause: He had also been an actor in Vienna, and frequently employed theatrical motifs and themes in his cartoons). And there was also the literary side: *Puck*'s editor was H.C. Bunner, a noted poet and prolific author of engaging short stories. Bunner was also a brilliant essayist and a man of strong political opinions—especially in 1884, the way things were unfolding on the national scene. *Puck* had been traditionally independent, but now seemed the time to take sides.

On the staff with Keppler and Bunner were a group of talented cartoonists: F. Opper, years before his major comic-strip successes of *Happy Hooligan*, *Maud the Mule* and *Alphonse and Gaston*; Bernard Gillam, recently of the *New York Graphic*; and F. Gratz, a gifted Austrian draftsman Keppler imported for a couple of years. All were to do cause in the battle for Civil Service Reform that the campaign was coming to symbolize.

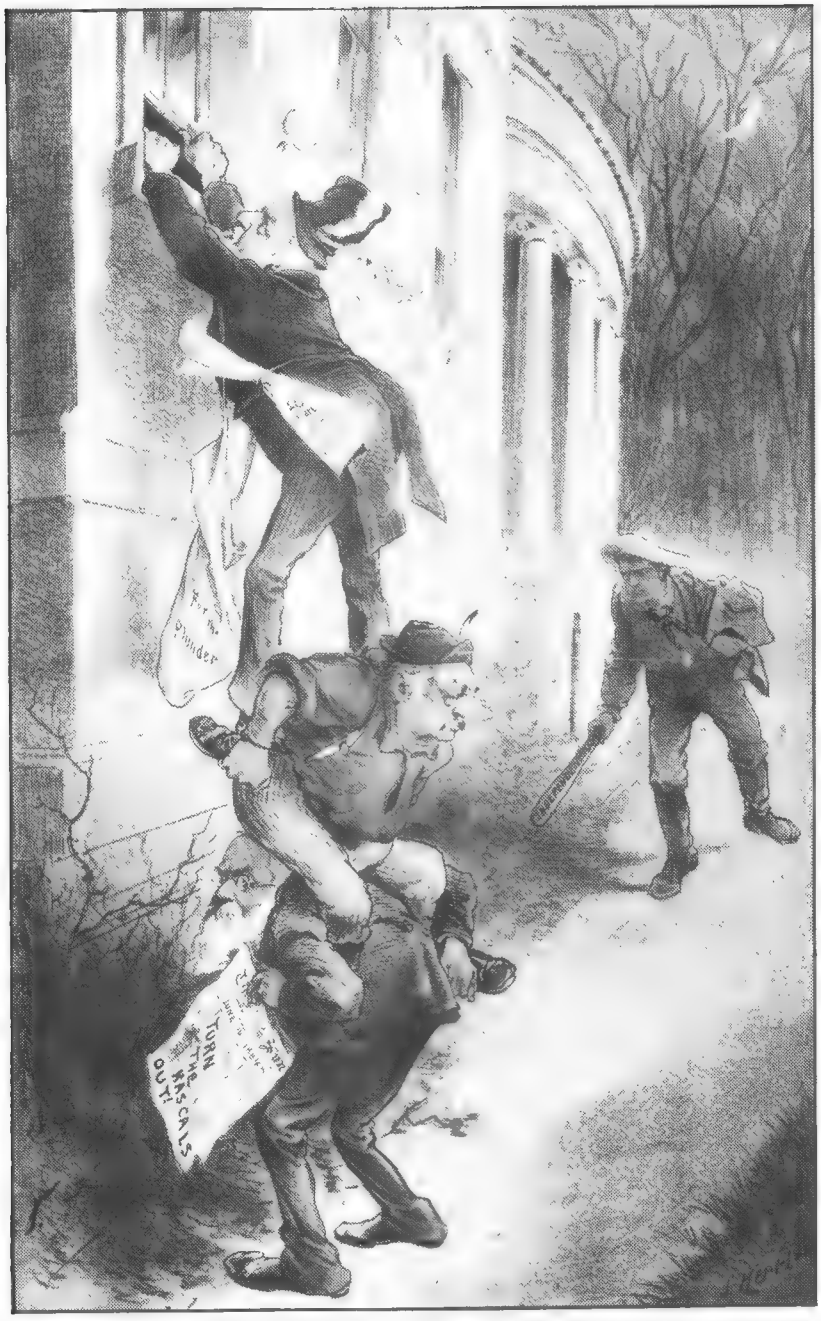
Keppler had anticipated a party revolt as early as two years before when he created a new cartoon icon. This was the Independent New Party, and it was manifested by a lumberjack-figure, clad in red shirt and ready to clear away political deadwood. Keppler would recall him throughout the next two years, but the Democrats' nomination of Cleveland seemed to obviate the necessity for a third party; so Keppler—who is credited with drawing the definitive version of Uncle Sam as we know him today—lost his bid to add a permanent addition to the select club of donkeys, elephants, and other symbols.

PHRYNE BEFORE THE CHICAGO TRIBUNAL

Ardent Advocate.—"Now, Gentlemen, don't make any mistake in your decision! Here's Purity and Magnetism for you—can't be beat!"

RAISING THE FUNDS TO BUY THE PRESIDENCY

In the Sixteenth Century, Teztel and his corrupt fellow-priests openly sold Absolutions and Dispensations, and played upon the fears of the People to fill their coffers, and keep themselves in power and place and shameful luxury. A little later, they were swept under in the cleansing flood of the Great Reformation. Will the Star-route Money-leeches please take notice that History Repeats Itself?



HELPING THE RASCALS IN.—A BURGLARIOUS SCHEME THAT MAY BE SUDDENLY SPOILED.

This cartoon ran in a giant centerspread in *Puck* in October of 1884. It is a masterpiece of simplicity and design. Charles A. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun* and nominal Democrat, actually opposed Cleveland, and supported Benjamin Butler, who is perched on his shoulders. Butler was the presidential candidate of a spate of minor parties, but his effective purpose was to drain votes from Cleveland. The intended beneficiary was Blaine, depicted here as a common burglar atop Butler's shoulders. The Independents are about to foil the scheme. The caption, by the way, referred to the *New York Sun*'s slogan from the days when it championed true reform.

Another icon did emerge, however, from the 1884 political wars, one that had a shorter lifespan, in fact, than the New Party figure; but that did have an astonishing impact on the electoral process. It was as if all these historical and journalistic threads came together in one ink-stained knot.

On April 16, before the conventions, Gillam drew what was a rather typical *Puck* cartoon—a genre scene with 31 political figures caricatured, this time as attractions in a sideshow. The caption was "The National Dime-Museum—Will Be Run During the Presidential Campaign." What caught people's attention was the depiction of Blaine as a tattooed man, labeled with his various political sins like Bribery, Northern Pacific Bonds (referring to an extortion scheme he attempted), and Anti-Chinese Demogogism.

The motif was repeated on May 7, when a Gillam cartoon recalled the sideshow and depicted Blaine's managers attempting to scrub the tattoos off. Blaine writhes in pain: The exposures cannot be excised. Keppler, the next week, drew Blaine with a tattooed face; and Opper, the week afterwards, employed the device too. On June 4 the editorial columns noted the public attention, and the centerspread cartoon was one of the most famous ever printed: "Phryne Before the Chicago Tribunal," a parody of the popular academic painting by Gérôme. It showed Blaine stripped to his underwear before various Republican leaders, who responded in various manners. The response of the public at large, however, was phenomenal—scores of editorials in the press; *Puck*'s circulation rose like a rocket; and the Democratic Party ordered special print overruns of the Tattooed Man cartoons by the thousands.

Thirteen more times before election day, and twice afterwards, did *Puck* portray Blaine in this fashion. It was a heady time for the young magazine and its young staff; every week *Puck* itself was the topic of current conversation, as much as the candidates or issues.

Even so, event after event crowded the public's attention during the campaign. There was widespread bribery and coercion of voters. The war records of each candidate (both had hired substitutes to fight in their place) were excoriated. It seemed evident that politically eccentric Ben Butler—surely the ugliest and, in terms of personal qualities, most repulsive figure in American political history—was put up as a candidate of various minor political parties to drain votes from Cleveland, a scheme of Spoils-System Democrats and Republicans.

And yet new shockers came. The "Fisher Letters" were exposed; these were pieces of Blaine's correspondence from years previous in which he openly solicited bribes—railroad stock and such—for influencing legislation. "I know of ways in which I can be useful," he had written. "I do not wish to be a dead-head in this enterprise." Here was Blaine, in his own handwriting, not only accepting favors but brazenly canvassing for them.

"Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine...The Continental Liar from the State of Maine!" mobs would chant at mass rallies.

What could be next? A lot. The Republicans discovered that Cleveland, that paragon of virtue, had fathered an illegitimate child! Panic-stricken Democrat managers advised all sorts of obfuscation, but Cleveland calmly telegraphed, "Tell the truth," and proceeded to admit his situation. Today such a disclosure in the midst of a campaign would create a sensation, but the impact a century ago, during Victorian times, was enormous.

"Ma! Ma! Where's my Pa?" the Republicans taunted.

"Gone to the White House! Ha, ha, ha!" rejoined the Democrats, changing couplet to quatrain.

The cartoonists sat back and enjoyed it all. It was an election where no attack could be savage enough, no caricature too devastating. The nation was turning to *Puck* and other cartoons for reactions to the newest disclosures, for opinions...for guidance.

During these crowded hours many cartoons were not just sarcastic reactions to events—they were sermons on paper. Very telling points were being scored and many of *Puck*'s cartoons, for instance, were pieces of reasoned advocacy and not just partisan attack. This was taken a step further in a few years when

When the Fisher letters were exposed, an outraged *Puck* dropped all finesse and stated the case in its clearest terms.

BURN THIS LETTER
Blaine is an impertinent man for us to have feel at all right towards.
—Caldwell to Fisher
You obtained subscriptions from your friends in Maine for the building of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad. Out of their subscriptions you obtained a large amount both of bonds and money free of cost to you. I have your own figures and know the amount.
—Fisher to Blaine

RASCALITY'S INSULT TO THE NATION.

COLUMBIA.—"Down on your knees! *You* aspire to be President, corrupt and unworthy public servant! We have had enough of you. Begone!"

ANOTHER VOICE FOR CLEVELAND.

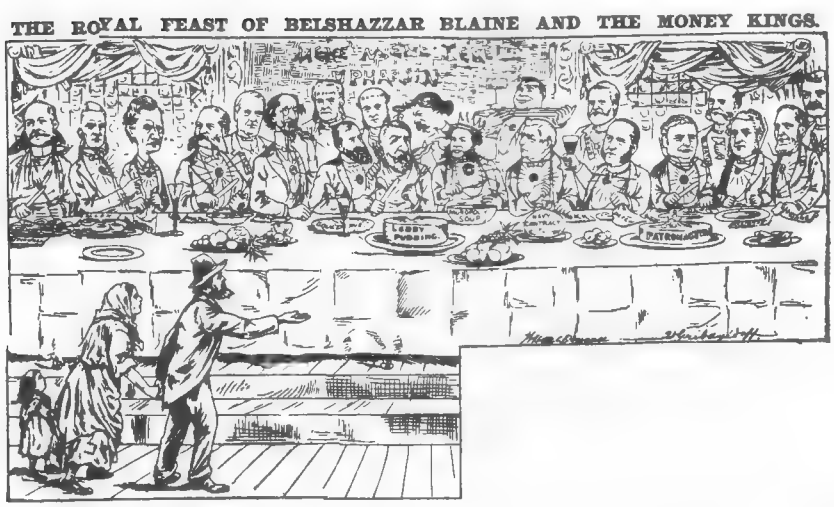
Two other voices. The Republican weekly *Judge* was not yet an effective national voice, but when Cleveland's illegitimate child was exposed, their chief cartoonist Frank Beard drew this vision [ABOVE] of what confronted Cleveland on every street corner. BELOW: The "Feast" cartoon ran on Page One of the *New York World*. Drawn by Walt McDougall and Victor Gribayedoff, it pictured—fancifully and maliciously—a recent dinner Blaine shared with captains of finance.

Puck's cartoons on the arcane subject of tariff reform were actually collected in book form and distributed as educational tracts. But in 1884 the cartoonists found themselves able to mix fun with sobriety, free to be in the vanguard of a crusade while taking pot-shots at the enemy along the way. It was an election full of enemies, and full of heroes. And full of voters—readers—who came to rely on cartoons for the molding of their own views.

In the end it was a close election . . . tantalizingly close. Cleveland won by a hair's breadth, and several factors were cited. New York's electoral vote decided the difference, and it swung Democratic after a blunder in the last days. Blaine was on a speaker's platform when Rev. Samuel Burchard characterized the Democrats as the party of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Blaine failed to repudiate these remarks, and soon many voters were outraged at being identified with saloons, Irish Catholic immigrants, and Secession (the relative truth in the characterization was immaterial: What was committed was, in today's parlance, a public-relations gaffe).

The defections of Mugwumps was a factor. Their influence probably outweighed their actual numbers; one can cite the lukewarm endorsement of Blaine by Republican loyalists like Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge as translating to censure. Faint praise damned him.

But it was, by common consent, the Cartoon Campaign that swung the balance. *Puck*'s well-circulated lithographs; the cartoons in the *New York World* ("The Royal Feast of Belshazzar Blaine and the Money Kings" was a splendid piece of demagoguery that the Pulitzer paper ran on Page One); Nast's caption-crammed drawings in *Harper's Weekly*—all these, and more, made cartoons the crux of the campaign. No less an authority than President Grover Cleveland himself acknowledged this when he stated that he would not have been elected without the influence of those cartoons in *Puck*.



Influencing the election of a president may seem to be effect enough, but what was the lasting contribution of cartooning after, and because of, 1884?

For one thing, the political cartoon was now firmly entrenched as a vehicle for commentary and advocacy. Never again was its influence to be as strong, but cartoonists again played important roles in the presidential years of 1888, 1896 (especially), 1900, 1904, 1916, and 1952. The cartoonist took his rightful place alongside the editorial-writer and columnist.

Also, partisanship was established in the community of cartoonists. *Puck* became a Democrat. The Republicans were so confounded by Keppler's influence that they quietly funded the purchase of a rival weekly, *Judge*. For years it was the Republican carbon-copy of *Puck*, serving its silent partner well. In fact, for several decades political parties routinely hired political cartoonists to draw custom-made partisan cartoons during the elections, distributing them free to newspapers.

The figure of the Independent New Party disappeared, Keppler apparently consigning him to work in the Democrats' sawmill. But in the opinion of many—and the testimony of events in 1912 and 1924 when major third-party candidates were fielded—the character represented a need that did not disappear.

Likewise the Tattooed Man retired. Blaine remained active until his death in 1893, but he effectively withdrew from presidential consideration (he made token bids in 1888 and 1892). But he might well have been actually tattooed as pictured: A century later the images of Keppler and Gillam are his major legacy.

Curiously, the Cartoon Campaign of 1884—one of the most savagely fought over momentous issues—was just another job for one of its leading players. Bernard Gillam became the major partner of the reorganized *Judge*, lured from *Puck* by Republican money. But it is widely reported that Gillam—whose images and icons were the undoing of a generation of GOP supremacy—actually voted for Blaine!

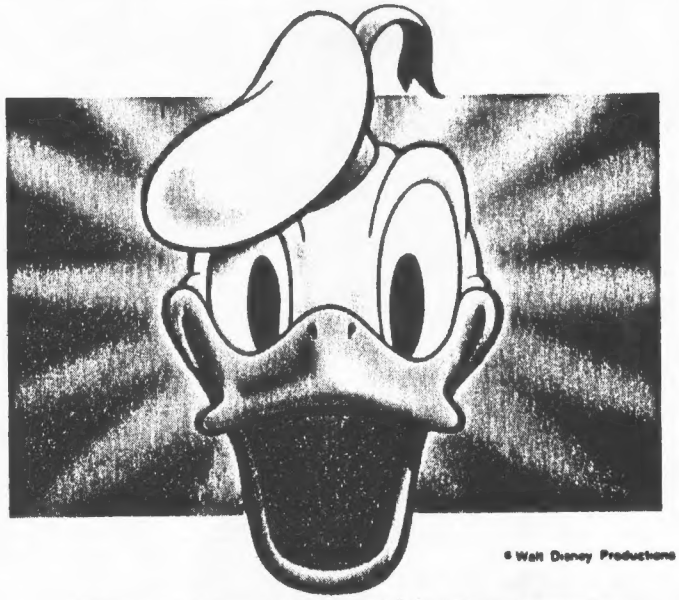
Gillam's editorial confreres had not converted him, but his penwork nevertheless affected millions of voters. The events were decades in the making, and it was over in one short summer—one glorious, exciting campaign. It was the dirtiest of all presidential elections, but it was also cartooning's finest hour. ■

After Cleveland's election, *Puck* felt constrained to end its cartoon campaign on a dignified and confident note. This marked the end of the Independent New Party as a cartoon symbol. The building blocks are various half-loaf victories the Reformers had scored in recent years. "Beecher," the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, brother of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*'s author, had previously been the butt of *Puck*'s most vicious cartoons after he was hauled into court for romancing one of his female parishioners. But politics—even in 1884, the basest *and* holiest of years—makes strange, as it were, bedfellows.

MEN MAY COME, AND MEN MAY GO; BUT THE WORK OF REFORM SHALL GO ON FOREVER.

Cartoon Carnival Presents ORIGINAL ART

Donald Duck 50th Birthday Commemorative Cel Portfolio



This special limited edition of four hand-inked and hand-painted cels from selected Donald Duck theatrical cartoons was created by the Walt Disney Studios to commemorate Donald's 50th birthday.

These cels were chosen from four cartoons in which Donald co-starred with several different friends: MAGICIAN MICKEY, Scene 18 (Mickey Mouse); HOCKEY CHAMP, Scene 13 (Huey, Dewey and Louie); BILL POSTERS, Scene 3 (Goofy); and DONALD'S CRIME, Scene 29.6 (Daisy Duck).

Since the original cels from these cartoons are no longer available, the Studio has recreated the artwork utilizing techniques used when the cartoons were made. These cels were hand-inked from the original animation drawings, then hand-painted with colors identical to the originals, using paints ground and mixed from special formulas in the Disney Studio paint laboratory.

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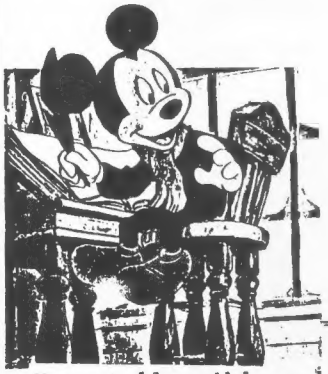
2. HOCKEY CHAMP (1939)
3. BILL POSTERS (1940)
4. DONALD'S CRIME (1945)



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